

MAY 13, 1922

PRICE 10 CENTS

Leslie's



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TWO RECENT GUESTS AND THEIR HOME

THE mere suggestion that, possibly, some day a woman might be elected a member of the British House of Commons would have been pooh-poohed—a few years ago. The prediction that a woman born and bred in America would be the first "M.P." would have been even more strongly ridiculed. However, as all the world now knows, the "impossible" came to pass, and to Lady Astor, one of the three famous "Langhorne sisters," of Virginia, fell the honor of being the first woman to enter the "Mother of Parliaments."

Lady Astor's recent visit to this country proved to be a big event in social and feminine political circles. Accompanied by her husband, Viscount Waldorf Astor, she crossed the Atlantic at the invitation of the National League of Women Voters. Her brilliant repartee, her eloquence, her tact and her charming simplicity at once won for her a host of friends, and her reception was an enthusiastic one.

It will be recalled that Lord Astor's father—Viscount William Waldorf Astor—was originally an American citizen. In the late seventies he was a member of the New York Legislature, and from 1882 to 1885 he was our Minister to Italy. In 1899 he became a British subject. In 1916 he was created a Baron, and a year later he was made a Viscount. His son—Lady Astor's husband—at Eton and, later, at New College, Oxford, was a famous athlete. Since 1911 he has represented Plymouth in Parliament.

The two distinguished visitors appear in the picture at the right. Below is a snapshot—taken from an airplane—of their beautiful country seat, Cliveden, on the Thames, near London.



WIDE WORLD



MAY 10 1922

©CLB527037

Estab'd Dec. 15, 1855
Vol. 134
No. 3471

Leslie's Weekly

May 13, 1922
\$5.00 a Year
10c a Copy

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly and copyrighted 1922 by the Leslie-Judge Co., William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres.; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary; 627 West 43d Street, New York City



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SURVEY GRAPHIC

THIS is one of the most common and pathetic incidents in the mining of coal. The miner has his coal "cut" and ready to be loaded into the mine cars. He is paid only by the number of cars he gets out each day. But the railroad cars are allotted to the com-

panies and based on the number of miners. So the companies keep in every mine many more miners than there are cars to go around, so that it is impossible for the miner to earn a full day's pay even when the mines are working. Last year they lost an average of 139 days.

Old King Coal Needs a Guardian

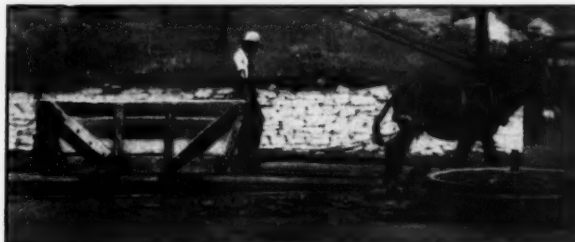
By Evan J. David

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. David, the son of a Welsh coal miner who emigrated to Pennsylvania, was brought up in an anthracite mining town. At ten years of age he got a job picking slate in a coal breaker and at the mature age of twelve he went to work in a mine where he spent five years as door tender, patcher, mule driver and timberman. Despite enormous handicaps, which included originally a complete ignorance of the English language, he has since put himself through Harvard University, has been Professor of English at New Hampshire State College and is the author of two books, of several short stories, and of various articles on labor problems. He is a successful journalist and occupies to-day an executive position of considerable responsibility. Naturally, he speaks from the heart of working conditions in the coal mines, and with authority, as a writer on economic subjects, of their remedy.)

EVERY two or three years, for the last two decades, Old King Coal has threatened to quit work for an indeterminate period, or actually has taken an indefinite vacation. Each time he has gone on strike it has taken a long time and a considerable amount of bargaining, coaxing, humoring and the signing of many papers to get the old fellow back on the job. The bill for his spree

has invariably been paid for by you and me, the consumers, and each time the premium for his assured good conduct has been bigger than the previous one.

What is the cause of such restless ill behavior, and what is the remedy? These are questions worth every reader's consideration, since unlike Switzerland, which is rapidly approaching a water-power electrical basis, this country is still dependent on coal for the generating of power to turn the wheels of most of our industries and to supply heat for our offices, manufacturing plants and homes. The coal industry is as essential as agriculture to our life and happiness and only because in the present instance we happen to have accumulated a surplus of coal, and coal keeps better than food, should a nation-wide strike of coal miners have less terrors for us than one of farmers.



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MULES are used both in and outside a mine. This is a typical anthracite coal car with mule and hitch-up. It was snapped in Kingston, Pa.



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Without a doubt the coal miner has the meanest, dirtiest and most precarious occupation in the world. I know, for I have sailed the high seas in cattle boats, flown the high heavens in aeroplanes and balloons, and spent over five years working in anthracite coal mines, which are not as dirty though just as dangerous as the average of bituminous mines. None of the former occupations, according to my experience, equaled the latter for variety or frequency of accidents, to say nothing of dirt and discomfort.

Coal lies in strata varying from a foot to eight feet or even ten feet in thickness, at varying depths in the ground. It is often separated from the rock above and below by a stratum of slag or slate, varying in thickness from several inches to a foot or more. Sometimes this vein of slate runs through the seam of coal itself, making it "dirty." When the docking boss at the head of the tippie or breaker estimates that slag in a mine-car load of coal is over a certain percentage, the miner and his helper, who cut and loaded it, are laid off for sometimes as many as ten days.

Imagine a deep layer of snow following all the contours of a mountain side transformed into solid ice and covered over with layers of solid rock hundreds of feet thick. That is the way swamps of vegetation have been buried in the geologic past and transformed into coal, layer on layer, sometimes as much as 300 feet apart, in the very bowels of the earth.

In some cases, where a glacier has at some time gouged out a valley, the vein runs straight into the mountain so that a tunnel following the layer is all that is necessary to tap the coal. In other places, where an eruption has stood the mountains on edge, a slope is driven down through the rock and the vein to the coal base. In basins, mines are sunk sometimes to a depth of 1,000 feet, through the

COMPANY houses in a coal mining town, showing the open ditch with its filth and dirt. These hardly represent an American standard of living.



© LEWIS W. MINE FOR SURVEY GRAPHIC

THIS is an excellent picture of the way a soft coal miner has to work in a vein which is not deep enough to enable him to stand up.

AN electric mule used for pulling coal cars in one of the Keystone Coal Companies' mines in Pennsylvania. This modern method of handling cars is a great benefit to the miner because he gets his cars quicker and oftener.



© KEYSTONE

various strata of rock and coal. Then tunnels are driven into the veins of coal and they are opened up like stories on an elevator shaft. At the foot of shaft and slope, two parallel passages, one called an airway and the other a gangway, are driven like long tunnels through the seam of coal. The "breasts," or chambers, are driven off the gangways at right angles, leaving pillars of coal standing to support the "roof." A coal mine is for all the world like a big city

with the streets representing the corridors and the block the pillars, which are left to support the top.

Doors are built across the corridors at the foot of each "breast" to force the air into the "face" where the miners cut the coal and the laborers load it. The ventilation is pumped down the shaft or slope through the airway and sucked out through the gangway and up the air-shaft, ventilating the mine and carrying out the highly combustible gases, powder smoke and dirt. Tracks are laid in the gangways and low cars, holding a long ton, are drawn in and out by means of mules or electric motors and up the slope or shaft by huge steel cables or "carriges." The foot-tenders who unhook the cars at the bottom of the slope or take the cars off the "cages" at the foot of the shaft, are usually full grown men. The drivers of the mules are young men and sometimes are assisted by full grown boys called patchers. The door boys or "nippers" are the youngest employed underground. They open and close the doors which regulate the air at the foot of the "breasts." The men who run the cars down grades are usually in their twenties, but the track layers, timbermen, carpenters and masons are mature men who have been graduated from more active jobs. All these are paid by the hour. These are the men rated at an average of \$7.50 a day. It is their duty to see that the miners are supplied with empty cars and that the coal is quickly transported from the "breast" to the tippie or breaker.

Strictly speaking, the miner is the man who drills the holes in the coal, prepares the powder, blasts the coal, tests the air for gas with his Davy safety lamp, sounds the roof and orders the

props to support the top and the boards for the brattice which sluices the air into the "face" of the chamber. He is a skilled workman, must pass an examination in the science of mining coal, in gas, etc., and hires a laborer, or "buddy," to load the coal into the cars. The miner is paid by the long ton out of which he pays his laborer or loader. In some kinds of work the miner is paid by the yard. Except for the mine, fire or driver boss, pump runner and engineer, he is the most skilled and highest paid man in the coal mines—provided he can receive enough empty cars per day to assure his loading enough to make a "shift." He is the "pick and machine man," who, Mr. Ogle claims, earns \$10 to \$12 a day. Out of this, however, he must pay for powder for blasting, for the blacksmithing of drills, for the oil and cotton for his light.

Now, then, let us see under what conditions these subterranean workers toil. The darkness in a coal mine is as dense and impenetrable as the coal itself. The naked flames of their lamps are seldom more than four inches long, swing on their caps and flicker like the old oil torchlights of former political night parades, whereas the small inch flame, fed by sperm oil in the gauze-covered Davy safety lamps make the miner depend more on his sense of touch than of sight, with the result that many miners ruin their eyesight and are unable to do much reading at home. Many of the accidents in the mine are due to the miner's inability to see the loose slabs in the roof which often come down and crush him or his laborer.

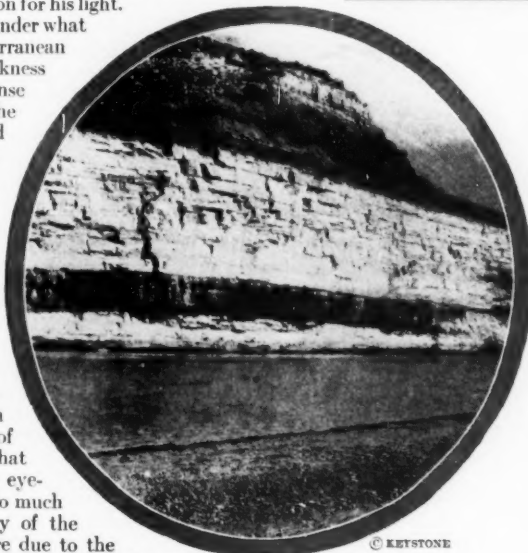
The air the miner breathes is artificially forced into the mine and before he gets it it is often like a sponge, soggy with powder-smoke, dust and coal gases. Indeed, the miner is continually surrounded by more or less coal dust which settles on his face and hands and inside his lungs, often causing "miner's asthma." Every day he must eat his

IMPROVED modern drilling machine used in the bituminous field for preparing holes in the coal for blasting.

EROSION has revealed a rich vein of coal. This is one of the easily accessible strata explained in this article.



© KEYSTONE



© KEYSTONE

lunch with coal-dust-covered hands, for he has no means of washing them in the mines. He is continually exposed to the danger of being crushed under a fall of "top," buried alive by a cave in, or burned or blown to pieces by a premature explosion of blasting powder or the ignition of the carboniferous gases. In addition, he is exposed to the dangers of being smashed by cars running down "runs," or being kicked by vicious mules or even drowned by floods breaking into the mines. Nearly every time he

touches the sharp coals he cuts his hands and the flying particles of the black diamonds cut his face. First-aid is often a long time reaching him in the bowels of the earth and more often the coal dust cannot be washed out of his wounds. No wonder that the face and hands of nearly every miner carry many of the blue marks of Old King Coal.

The Bureau of Mines reports 210 fatalities in the coal mines of the United States for the month of February last. Based on an estimated output of 48,023,000 short tons, the fatality rate is 4.37 per 1,000,000 tons produced. The average number of lives lost in February, from 1913 to 1921, has been 184, and the average production of coal 48,814,000 tons, showing a fatality rate of 4.20 per 1,000,000 tons per month. During the first two months of the present year, 364 men were killed by accidents in coal mines. The total fatality rate for 1921 was 4.14 per 1,000,000 tons and 3.96 for 1922. Besides these fatal injuries, nearly five times as many mine workers are hurt in the mines each year.

Little wonder, then, that non-English-speaking foreigners constitute by far the majority of men who work in and about the coal mines. Their lack of knowledge of English keeps them there, but they get out as soon as they can and make all kinds of sacrifices to find something else to do for their children. However, owing to the fact that most of the mines in this country are located in isolated places in the mountains or valleys and the small mining towns contain few or no mills, the mine workers and their wives and children have few opportunities to find other employment. Consequently, their women folk cannot help with the family budget as is the case in so many other industries. This is one of the economic reasons why the miners demand a minimum working thirty-hour week.

There are about 500,000 men and boys en-

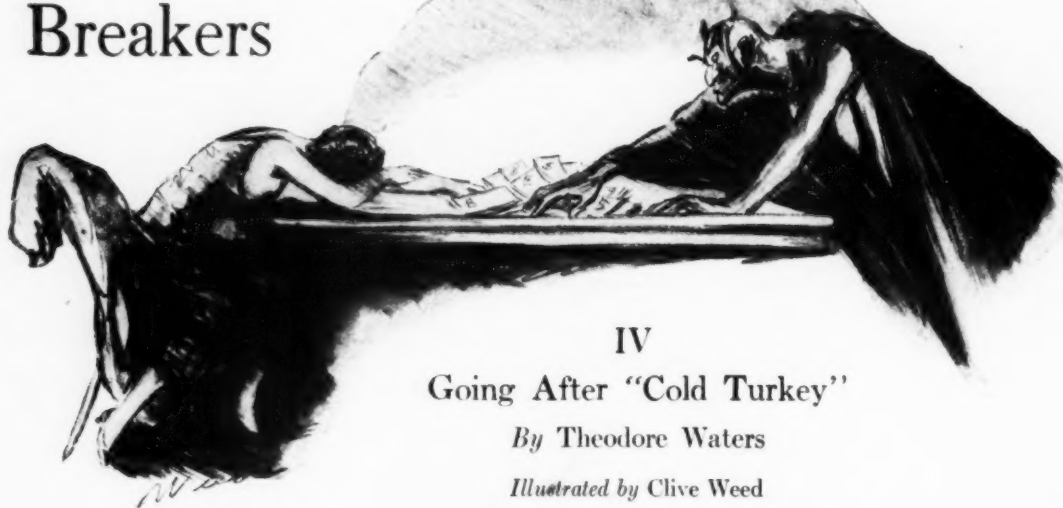
(Continued on page 648)

A COAL breaker near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The anthracite is hoisted to the top of this building, dumped between crushers, separated into sizes and cleaned by machines or boys who pick out the slate.



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Brokers and Breakers



IV

Going After "Cold Turkey"

By Theodore Waters

Illustrated by Clive Weed

IN THE last instalment of this series was described the operation of a school of bucketeering, showing how young men are taught to write follow-up letters and to project long distance telephone conversations with intent to induce the out-of-town comeon to send in his money. In the case of the local or city prospect, however, the process differs slightly. In a private room of one of the bucket shops recently raided in New York City there was found an equipment of telephone instruments, over a dozen, that was used for the purpose of going after "cold turkey." Cold turkey is the name used for designating those prospects whose names are taken from telephone books and other lists and who are solicited without preliminary leading up. In the bucket shop in question the dozen or more telephones were operated all day long by young men who were given each a section of a cut-apart telephone book and told to call up one name after another exactly as they occurred in the list. Of course they skipped the names of large firms and apartment houses, since the names of private individuals only were desired.

Some indication of each prospect's business or calling was usually to be found beside it and with this to go upon the young man at the phone would endeavor to get into as intimate a conversation as possible. For instance: "Is this Mr. Samuel Johnson?" "Yes." "Well, Mr. Johnson, I'm calling you up about an opportunity—by the way, this is Mr. Johnson who is a friend of Charles M. Schwab? What, you are not? That's strange. I heard Mr. Schwab refer to his friend Mr. Samuel Johnson and I called you up feeling certain he meant you. Too bad. Well, the other Mr. Johnson is out of luck. You see I represent Blank & Blank, the big Wall Street investment house. There is a pool being formed in a certain stock and I guess Schwab wants to put his friends wise to what's coming off. Sorry to trouble you. What's that—let you—well, I don't know

as we have the right exactly—but the name is the same and of course we are not turning down new customers. Commissions are commissions, you know. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask one of the members of the firm and if he consents—but we'll have to move quick. The thing closes to-morrow—Yes, I'll call you up later."

Mr. Johnson is flattered that the great Wall Street firm should have considered him a friend of Charles M. Schwab. He does not stop to consider that there is more than one Charles M. Schwab. All he does consider is that an accident due to a similarity of names has put him in possession of a Wall Street secret, an impending rise in a certain stock, out of which much money may be made if he can only learn the name of the stock to be traded in, for of course everybody knows that when these big fellows get behind any particular stock it is bound to go up. Why, it is an opportunity of a lifetime!

The salesman does not call him up any too quickly. He leaves him to sweat in his anxiety for hours and when at last the call is put through Johnson is ready to follow blindly whatever suggestions the salesman may make. Even then the man on the telephone does not accept him any too eagerly. He has consulted with one of the members of the firm and the question is—well, you see, they are a pretty large concern and they don't bother with anything too small—how much would Mr. Johnson wish to invest?

By this time Johnson is crazy to get in on it. He is afraid to mention the sum he contemplated risking. It has now become a question not of how much he can conveniently spare, but of how much he can possibly scrape together. He hastily considers his cash resources and finally names an amount that will stretch him to the utmost. Is that all? The salesman is plainly disappointed. He had thought of a much larger amount. You see, such small accounts are just as much trouble as big accounts and the commis-

sion is hardly worth while. Has Mr. Johnson no other resources, Liberty Bonds for instance? He has some? Well that is all right, then. Mr. Johnson can bring down his cash and his bonds. They will hold the latter as security and let him participate.

Of course, the salesman has been simply playing him along in order to find out just how much Johnson has up his sleeve. It is important as it gives the salesman an accurate idea as to whether Johnson should be cleaned at the earliest possible moment or whether it would be advisable to string him along and demand additional margins later on. In any event, Johnson is hooked and is permitted to hasten breathlessly to the bucket shop and turn over his money. Once this is accomplished, he is told that as this is a more or less secret pool, he must sign what is practically equivalent to a power of attorney, giving the salesman the right to manipulate his funds for him as he, the salesman, thinks best. That is where Johnson kisses his money "Good-by," for of course the salesman sooner or later will think it best to pretend to invest the money in a fictitious deal which apparently will wipe it out, and that, as far as the bucket shop is concerned, will be the end of Mr. Johnson. Of course, he may kick. He may even threaten the law on the bucket shop men. But they will have it so nicely covered on the books and also on the books of another concern of which they apparently bought his stock for him in the first place, that he will never get anywhere with his complaint.

There are a great many names of women in the telephone directory and these are attacked with the same ardor as those of the men, but with such changes in detail as the difference in sex might naturally suggest. The telephone operator gets Mrs. Jackson on the wire. He begins at once: "Is this Mrs. Jackson? How do you do Mrs. Jackson? I have been asked to call you up by Mrs. Blank (mentioning a name that sounds much like that of some well-known woman of

affairs). What's that? You do not know her? Well, she knows you all right, at least she gave us your name and asked us to call you up and tell you about an opportunity of which she said she talked to you the other day at a bridge party. You don't know her? Well, that's too bad. It would have meant a lot of money to you if you had. Yes? Why she's the lady who made such a fortune in Wall Street recently. You must have read of it in the papers. Some mistake, I suppose, but she is so elated over her good fortune that she is telling all of her friends about it and she gave us your name to call up. Wants them to make some too, I guess."

"What's that? You wouldn't object to making some money. No, I suppose not, especially if you made as much as she's made down here. Yes, quite a large amount. Came into the office one day and said she'd like to put up a small sum on a certain stock. It went up in price and she reinvested her profits until now she is well off. And the best part of it is she didn't tell her husband a thing about it. Wanted to be independent, I suppose. Just let it climb and never a word to him, and then one day she walked home with a bank book and showed it to him. Flabbergasted him, I guess. They're well off now, anyway, and it's all due to her foresight and a small amount of cash to begin with. What? Could you do it? Why, anybody could do it. All you got to do is pick out a good stock. Oh, yes, we could tell you the names of several. Why, yes, glad to have you. A customer's a customer. Call at our uptown office, number Blank Fifth avenue. See our Mr. Gettun. He'll take care of you."

Thus is Mrs. Jackson started on the easy way to personal penury. Of course they do not all fall for this first siren song, but that idea of going out and making a lot of money without the husband's knowledge has been the downfall of many a woman. Hundreds of them have trooped into the District Attorney's office with their tales of woe. In fact, many of the bucket shops have made a specialty of women clients and have fitted up offices designed for their use. Where is the fascination of afternoon bridge compared with sitting in a handsomely furnished room watching stocks go up and down on a big blackboard and listening the while to fascinating stories of how this, that, or the other person made independent fortunes? Women may be hard losers in a gambling proposition, but they are sticklers when it comes to throwing good money after bad in an effort to recoup losses they cannot afford. And that is the pity of it. Entering the game without telling their husbands, they soon fall

into a condition where they dare not tell. After that it is a descent into the maelstrom, a hell of money-raising by whatever means in the futile hope that a lucky strike may save them from the crash that is sure to engulf them at last. And yet nothing but that final crash ever seems to get them out of it. One woman confessed that she had withdrawn her account from a reputable broker because he would not permit her to sit and watch the blackboard all day. A bucket shop was more accommodating and she paid for it with the loss of all of her resources and those of her husband as well.

Of course, it is inevitable that the women who engage in bucket-shopping are not all on the side of the dupes. More than one bucket shop has benefited by the services of clever women assistants, some posing as lucky speculators who mix with the poor deluded customers watching the boards and who egg them on to

to help him "try" to recover his money. And how it works. The virus of speculation is not easily eradicated from the blood, and the poor dupe, feeling that here is inside proof of a concern's integrity, goes down again and in due course is cleaned once more. It seems to be a refutation of the old adage that a burned child dreads the fire. With such schooling or with such examples, as the case may be, it is not strange that women should have started in to run bucket shops of their own. They tell this story in the District Attorney's offices:

Three young women bucketeers, being desirous of opening a shop of their own, but having little cash, secured an order from two women for the purchase of several thousand dollars' worth of bonds of a German steamship company. They apparently put in the order but told their customers they would have to wait sixty days until the bonds could be shipped from Germany. They immediately proceeded, however, to open their shop and they did a fair business. At the end of sixty days when their customers asked for their bonds they were told that there had been an unexpected delay due to foreign mail congestion.

Soon after this the customers were called upon to pay a property mortgage. Being temporarily short of ready cash, they went to the three bucketeers and asked them to produce some evidence of their ownership of the steamship company bonds with which they felt sure they could stave off a foreclosure. They were told they would have to wait until the bonds arrived from Germany as there was none to be had in America. Becoming suspicious they went to another brokerage house and asked if it were possible

to buy any bonds anywhere in this country. A salesman of this house offered to sell them \$100,000 worth of the bonds over the counter if they wanted them. Back they went in high glee to the three bucketeers and begged them to go and get the bonds of the brokerage house that had the \$100,000 for sale. "What?" was the reply. "Did they tell you that? Don't you believe it. They are only trying to get your money away from you." And there the matter remains up to date.

One of the favorite tricks in inveigling a woman to put up margin has been to offer to take Liberty Bonds as security at their face value, or to buy them outright at their face value provided the proceeds are put up as margin. The bucketeer sells the bonds at once for what they will bring at the market and he does not intend ever to pay her back any of the money she thinks she has invested, so for the time being everybody is happy. It is only later when her trades have apparently gone against her and her bonds are "forfeited" if she does not produce more margin, that the tragedy of the situation becomes visible.



"Mr. Johnson is flattered that the great Wall Street firm should have considered him a friend of Charles M. Schwab."

further foolishness by stories of their own supposed winnings; others acting as disgruntled employees who seek out customers who have lost money and bring them in again to lose more. For instance, a man who has been "cleaned" by one concern will receive a letter from a girl who writes that she was bookkeeper in the concern through which he lost his money. She tells him how sorry she is; that he was taken in by a lot of rascals, who merely bucketed his account and those of others. Of course she did not know this while she worked for them. In fact, on learning the true condition of affairs she had resigned immediately and now has a job as bookkeeper for a reputable concern where everything is above-board and as honest as the day is long.

Naturally she does not tell him that the new concern is really owned by the backers of the old concern and that they are eager to have him come back so that they can clean him again, but she does explain her motive in writing him as one of conscience. Having been an "unconscious cog" in the old cleaning machine, she would like to do all she can



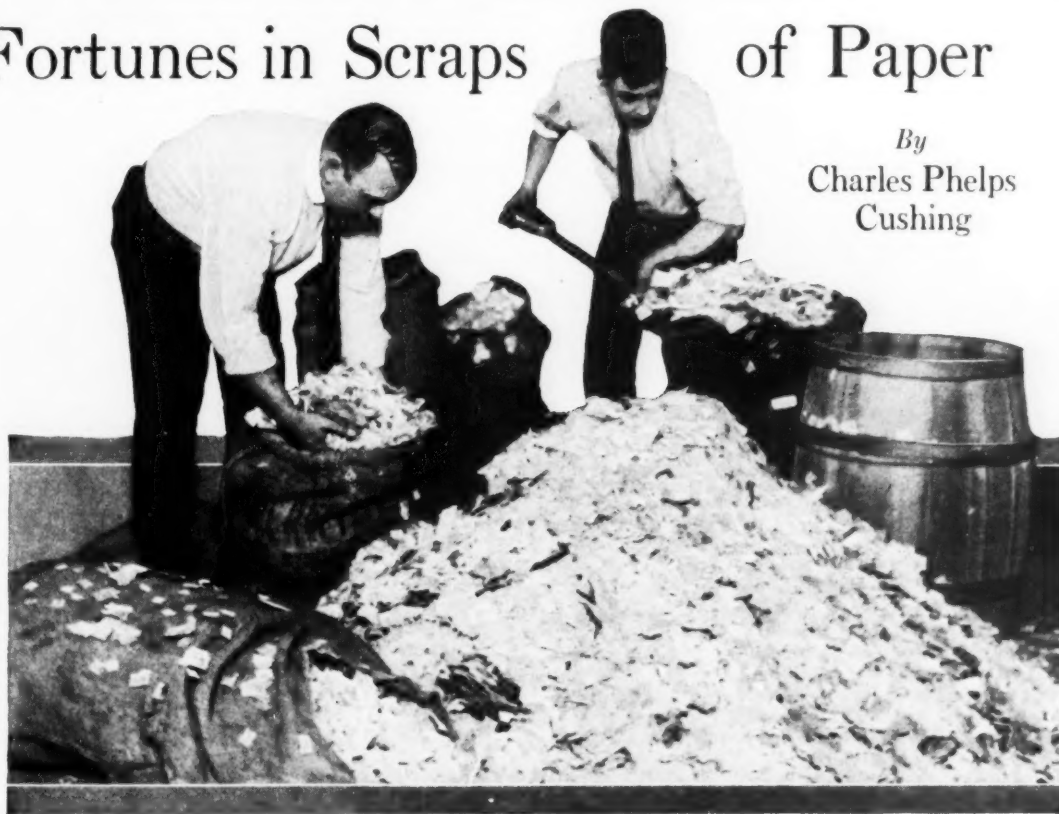
Raymond Poincaré, Premier of France

As He Looks with His Eye on Genoa

Character Study by Boardman Robinson

Fortunes in Scraps of Paper

By
Charles Phelps
Cushing



© EWING GALLOWAY

THERE are stamps and stamps. A few are worth small fortunes; but for every one that is coveted by the philatelists there are millions that are handled like this—with great scoop shovels. This picture was taken in a great stamp concern in New York City.

FOR a little scrap of paper, about an inch square, with job office printing on one side, blank and gummed with mucilage on the other—\$32,077 cash!

That is the news the cables flashed from Paris the other day when the only known copy in existence of a postage stamp which cost the original purchaser one cent in the South American colony of British Guiana in 1856 was sold at auction by the French government for 300,000 francs, plus a luxury tax of 52,000 francs. Who paid the money is only a guess, but stamp experts declare they have reason to believe that it may have been King George of England.

Another scrap of paper of about the same dimensions, a blue Hawaiian adhesive which cost two cents in 1851, was earlier auctioned off by the same agents of the French republic for \$14,150.

It, too, was printed from type set up in a little job office. No sentimental or historical associations about either of these stamps enhanced their value. Nor was there anything strikingly artistic about their designs—as you may judge for yourself by having a look at reproductions of them shown in this article. All that made these stamps so precious to collectors was rarity.

The British Guiana one-center, dark



KEYSTONE



GUIANA,

THE most precious stamp in the world. It was auctioned off the other day in Paris for \$32,077.

HETTY GREEN'S
son—E. H. R.
Green. When the subject of stamps is mentioned he forgets all about finance.

rose in color, bears a cancellation in initials, "E.D.W.," and an indistinct date, "April 1, 1856." The few who have seen the stamp say it is badly rubbed, so that the year can scarcely be made out; and these experts in philately speak of it technically as "a poor copy." A few cynics even doubt if it is genuine.

The picture of a ship in the center of the design was printed from a small line cut borrowed for the occasion from the *Official Gazette* of the colony, which used it as a heading over shipping advertisements in the newspapers.

A shipment of stamps expected from England was late in arriving at the

British Guiana capital, and the colony had to get out an emergency issue. As soon as the engraved stamps arrived, the forms from which the type-set issue were printed were broken up and the "provisional issue" promptly withdrawn. Thence came about the rarity of this, the most precious stamp in the world.

The two-cent blue Hawaiian attained its value by a different sort of accident. Only eleven copies of its issue are known to exist, for the post office in Honolulu burned down in 1851 and all the rest of this first issue of two-cent blues were destroyed by the fire. These dozen survivors are now all in the hands of rich collectors.

The most famous stamp collector in the world and one of the strangest of characters, Count Phillip la Renotiere von Ferrary, had possession of the collection the French government now is auctioning off with such *éclat* and with such substantial profit. The count died in Switzerland in 1917. Though an Austrian subject, he had professed to be violently anti-Prussian in sympathies, and for many years had made his home in Paris.

But when this man of mystery's will was opened, French officials were shocked to find that he had bequeathed the most valuable collection of stamps in the world—variously estimated as worth

from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000—to the Berlin Postal Museum. The French thereupon seized his 500 albums of stamps as enemy property, and built a new wing to the Austrian Embassy in Paris to house the collection until times should be propitious to advertise it for sale.

Soon after the Armistice cataloging began and French stamp experts busied themselves preparing the items for public auction. The first of a series of sales of these paper remnants was held early last summer, and included only a few of the collection's great rarities. It brought in approximately \$100,000 for 171 items. The auction held in April will show a much larger total; and these two sales are to be followed by others next summer and in the autumn.

No one will hazard a guess at what the final receipts may be—the British Guiana one-center, for example, was "estimated" last summer to be worth "upward of \$15,000," but when the bidding got lively the price soared to more than double that sum. A pair of stamps from this same South American colony, issued six years earlier than the precious one-center but not so rare (circular two-centers, blue, on pale rose, canceled, attached vertically), furnished a like surprise at the summer sale when they were bid up to nearly \$20,000. And who could have guessed that a postmaster's stamp of Boscawen, N. H., crudely lettered, "Paid 5 cents," would fetch such a sum as \$9,600? So the stamp experts decline to indulge in prophecy.

A two-penny stamp of 1847, from the island of Mauritius, made rare and correspondingly precious because it was printed on indigo instead of blue, went under the hammer at \$4,615. A penny crimson was not so rare and went for a little less than \$1,900. But the most precious of all the Mauritius issues—precious because the issue was withdrawn when the designer, a local watchmaker, thoughtlessly inscribed the words "post office" on the plate instead of "post paid"—failed to be offered at this sale. (See portrait of it in our panel.)

A parcel of 2,000 stamps from Uruguay, which before the sale had been appraised as not worth much more than \$3,000, was bid up to a sum in excess of \$8,500.

Though business in most other lines has been slow in Paris, and everybody still talks industrial depression, both of these stamp auctions broke all former world's records for high prices. Americans, of course—for Europeans agree that "you Yankees have all the money"—were prominent among the dozen or more nationalities of bidders represented, and carried away a goodly share of the auction's prizes.



© KEYSTONE

PERHAPS when this snapshot was taken King George had just been notified that his agents in Paris had succeeded in buying the rare one-cent British Guiana stamp of 1836 (shown on the preceding page).

A ONE-PENNY Cape of Good Hope "blue." It is a valuable freak.



None of the cables gave the names of the real purchasers of these rare stamps, but this is easy to explain on the ground that the men who did the actual bidding were in most instances merely the confidential agents of big stamp companies and of famous collectors who desired no publicity at the moment.

King George of Great Britain might have thought it beneath his royal dignity to elbow in a miscellaneous crowd on the floor of the Hotel Drouot in Paris and shout bids to a wild-eyed French auctioneer. But it is no court secret that the King would have attended if the proprieties and his regal business had not interfered.

And so might King Alfonso of Spain, another eager collector of stamps, who likely enough was tempted to attend the sale incog. If this assumption be *lèse-majesté* on the part of an American journalist, let the king demand a retraction. We believe in democracy, but always try to give everybody a square deal.

Enrico Caruso might have thought his convalescent voice not yet in good enough condition at the first auction to match against the roar of an excited rabble. But our information is reliable that he knew about the sale and had a friend present to look out for bargains there.

Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, might have reasoned that it would not be good business to journey all the way from Texas to Paris. Yet the chances are good that Colonel Green's valuable collection of rare stamps has been enriched by something or other from the famous collection of Herr von Ferrary.

George H. Worthington, a retired capitalist of Cleveland, whose collection of stamps has been reported in the newspapers to be worth around \$1,000,000, may have been represented at the auctions, too—probably by some one equally expert in philately and French.

Of a certainty, American millionaires bid by proxy with dollars against the francs of the manufacturer of Chocholet-Meunier, and the pounds and shillings

of a famous stamp broking concern in London. Though none of the names of the bidders attracted the notice of the newspaper men present, the record prices of the sale tell their own story of what occurred.

It so happens that Count von Ferrary, the most famous stamp collector of all, chose to live as a man of mystery and indulge himself in eccentricities. But in that he was anything but typical of his most famous contemporaries, a few of whose names we have already mentioned. These rivals are a rather likable set, who operate with no more secrecy in the market than good business sense demands, and who, as a rule, are quite willing to let the public share in the pleasure of looking over their collections.

The count, in contrast, seemed to relish mystery and to have no regard at all for the public. Little was known about him, and that little not of a nature to make him popular. He was described as a recluse, "selfishly gloating over his treas-



THERE was a pair of these—and they cost somebody nearly \$20,000.



A WATCH-MAKER'S error makes this one a great rarity.

ures like a miser," and eccentric in his behavior and dress. Not a dozen persons could boast that they had ever seen his rarest specimens. He had quarreled with his father and been disinherited, but managed to struggle along on an income of — this looks like a misprint, but so it has been recorded in the Paris papers—\$20,000,000 a year from his mother.

He began collecting stamps at sixteen and was still at it when he died fifty-three years later. He bought them one at a time or by whole collections, in an effort, finally almost gratified, to own at least one unused and one canceled stamp of every variety issued in the world from 1840, when adhesives first came into use, to 1900. Two "philatelic secretaries" worked for him year in and year out, one on stamps and one on postal cards and wrappers.

The count made his headquarters in Paris, journeying often from there to Vienna and London on business. As an example of his eccentricities a stamp journal relates:

"He had wealth, but his manner of dressing belied it. Sometimes he went in rags. When he hailed a taxicab in the street, the driver passed him by if he did not know him. But when he appeared at a cab stand where he—and especially his reputation for liberality—was known, he was stormed by drivers eager for his patronage. For a gold piece was invariably the price he paid for his ride, regardless of the distance."

Paris was the ideal place for him to live, not only because he seemed like a

character out of Balzac, but also for more practical reasons—the French capital has long been a cosmopolitan gathering place of stamp collectors from everywhere in the world. The stamp trade in Paris is so thoroughly organized that it even has a “curb market.”

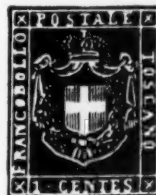
Americans who had a look at Paris in war time will smile at the memory of how that “stamp bourse” down at the foot of the Champs Elysees near the president's palace adopted the motto “business as usual,” and unflaggingly went on trading in curb stocks despite air raids, the boom of approaching field artillery and the smack of shells from seven “Big Berthas.” Three of these Bertha shells burst close at hand—one in the Tuileries gardens, one within a block of the A.E.F.'s office building in the Champs Elysees and one on the rear portico of the Madeleine church, beheading a marble statue of St.



A TWO-CENT
Hawaiian
“blue,” worth \$14,150.

PAID
5
CENTS

THIS postmaster's
stamp was
recently sold for \$9,600.



HIS Royal Highness, the King of Spain, has a score of hobbies; but there is nothing he would rather do than look through his stamp collection.

THE Tuscany 1860, three-line little “scrap of paper” to obtain which many collectors would gladly pay a sum equal to the average man's savings.



to beat all his rivals to a big “find.” He got to see the stamps within an hour of his arrival, hastily decided that they were authentic and made an offer for them on the spot with a check for \$60,000.

“The offer was accepted” (the professional smiled, grimly) “and the check promptly cashed. But when careful examination of the stamps was made in New York, they proved to be fakes. And the worst of it was that the buyer was never able to get redress.”

Another story of Hawaiians, this time concerned with genuine copies but of not so rare

an issue, relates of a bargain made from New York by mail through Californian agents. A representative of one of the big Eastern stamp agencies, a man of the type that baseball would describe as a “semi-pro,” worked on a Los Angeles newspaper and had stamp collecting on a commission basis as a side line. He received word one day to investigate a rumor that a retired farmer and his wife possessed letters from a relative who had been a missionary to Hawaii in the ‘fifties.

On the day that he received the letter the agent was too busy to go out to the place, a little bungalow in the distant suburbs. But the following afternoon he was able to get away and motored out in his flivver. Just as he drew up to the place the front door opened and three broad smiles greeted him; the first two on the features of the old couple, the third, with something of malicious triumph in it, on the face of a rival collector.

“Too late, Bill,” sang out the rival, “we’ve just closed the deal. Gimme a lift back to town and I’ll tell you all about it on the way.”

It seems Pa hadn’t been sure they’d saved the letters from Uncle Ezra, but Ma remembered where they’d stored them in the attic.

A week or two later the representative returned to the bungalow and handed Pa a check. The old gentleman's face blanched when he saw what it read and he dropped down limp on to the porch swing and nearly fainted. He and his wife were far from well-to-do, and that check for \$3,000 meant comfort for them to the end of their days.

“By the way, are you a collector yourself?” asked my professional friend.

The interviewer had to confess that he wasn't.

“Too bad. You miss a lot. There are 500,000, young and old, rich and poor, all ages, who are collectors, and get more out of stamps than any other pastime.”

A big stack of letters from some of the 500,000 was just then dumped on his desk. Maybe there were adventures in store for some one in that mail; certainly there were plenty of enthusiasms. So the visitor took that as his cue for an exit, feeling rather regretful as he went out that he wasn't a collector himself.

every value, from the sort they purchase literally by the ton and handle with scoop shovels, to the rarities that are handled gingerly with little tongs, like precious jewels.

These men compare their rare stamps to jewels, and sell them to the same kind of customers who buy strings of well-matched pearls. Some millionaires, they tell you, collect and store stamps away in their safes as invest-

ments.

In a high vaulted room, walled and roofed with glazed white tiles, like a cellar grill room or a high-ceilinged subway station—though it opened on to the sidewalk of a sunlit side street in uptown New York—one of these professionals told me stories of the adventures of “Hawaiian blues,” old anecdotes made timely by the record price that Ferrary stamps recently fetched in Paris.

“Missionaries,” the trade calls this Hawaiian issue, he said, because they were printed in a day when American clergymen invaded the “Sandwich” Islands to convert the natives to Christianity. Every relative or known correspondent of those evangelists, anyone to whom a letter that bore one of those rare stamps might have been sent, has been traced by professional collectors seeking new “finds.”

“A few years ago,” the professional collector related, “we knew of only ten copies of that first issue. Then in an old schoolhouse in the islands two more turned up by accident. A visitor to that schoolhouse noticed under some peeling whitewash the corner of an old yellow envelope. He pulled it out of the plaster and found on it two blue scraps of paper, each worth a small fortune.”

He suggested that this incident may have stimulated the perpetration of one of the most notorious stamp forgeries in history. A New York stamp dealer, a few years ago, got word from the Coast that in a safe deposit vault in Los Angeles were stowed half a dozen more copies of the same issue.

He took the next train West in a rush

Luke. But every Sunday from nine to six and every holiday, and every Thursday from noon till sundown, rain or shine—for when it rains one simply puts up one's umbrella, *n'est pas?*—the stamp bourse kept at its business.

For four years women and old men and maimed soldiers were its leading brokers, and small boys and Allied soldiers on leave the chief customers. When the Armistice was declared the pre-war appearance of the curb was soon restored.

To-day you can view there in the flesh the infinite variety of the types of persons who collect stamps. Small boys mingle with rich old gentlemen who wear silk hats and frock coats. Women are well represented both among the brokers and the buyers. Soldiers and business men and flappers are there. A group, in short, that seems to be as widely assorted as any other group that goes to a place of amusement—a theater, for example.

What a bombshell the Ferrary auctions must have thrown into that famous curb market! The “bourse” never more than shrugged its eloquent shoulders at the Big Berthas. But to hear tell of a little rose-colored stamp selling for \$32,000 francs! Ah, monsieur, there is a real bombshell for you. “Fraitment, something exciting! Something—how do you say it in zee Eengleeze?—like a thrill!”

A journalist hobnobbing with the cognescenti gathers that even in stolid America there are many thrills in stamp collecting. In seeking information about the Ferrary sales I got into confab with some of the big league professionals of stamp collecting, the New York brokers of big houses that buy and sell stamps of

Ular-Sawa

By
Atreus von
Schrader

Illustrated by
Harold Anderson

YAÉ stood like a slender young malacca palm in the dappled sunlight of the jungle edge, a faint smile upon her lips as she waited her Moro suitor. The girl wore the gingham and pina-cloth of the convert, for she had been baptized by the good padre Francisco in the little chapel of the coast town; beneath her creamy brown skin the Malay blood ran unchanged from the day when Yaé had knifed the man her father had sold her to and, wearied of the cook pot drudgery of the reeking thatched village in the foothills of Mindanao, had fled to Petacaico and the mission on the edge of the Sulu Sea.

It was there that Ah Sing, trader in hemp and ivory nuts, whispered soft words of love and the world outside. It was the same saffron schemer who told her of the value of the black pearl that lay before the image in the chapel of Our Lady of Good Journeys, translating that value in terms of silken dresses and bracelets of heavy gold.

Wherefore Yaé smiled as she waited the coming of Asum, over whom her charms had a power that she planned to use, since each week the Moro paddled forty miles to a vain wooing.

Soon he came across the white beach, gorgeous as a cockatoo in his striped turban and tight-sleeved, silver-buttoned jacket, with a silver-hilted kris whose naked blade gave back the sun in little spurts of fire from his lean flank. It is mainly because of his kris, and his willingness to use it, that the Moro is unloved along the Sulu Sea.

Asum brought gifts; a tortoiseshell armlet, and a clicking string of boars' tusks for her throat. These Yaé received as one entitled to homage, and, since there was no need of guile with the simple-minded Asum, she took them for her text, the Moro was handsome as a gamecock, but Yaé had no desire for the labors of a Moro's wife; she preferred Ah Sing and luxury.



"Asum crept on naked feet across the threshold and stood for a moment in silence."

The girl turned upon Asum the splendor of her eyes as she fingered his presents, "they are pretty, yes, but not so pretty as a pearl that has been brought to the chapel, and lies there unguarded," she said gently. The hawk-faced man looked at her with fierce eyes, and grieved that seizure and swift flight were impossible; a screeching girl would make an awkward cargo, and he did not know the jungle paths. A delicate bare foot dug into the soft loam beneath the palm-trunks as Yaé went on demurely, "It would be wrong for me to take this pearl, for I am a Christian"—little pleading hands reached toward him—"but for

you, who are so brave . . ." Yaé smiled into his eyes and spoke with the open candor of the East, "If you will get it for me, I will go with you to your village," she said.

Asum breathed through clenched teeth in the swift and stormy passion of his race; the girl was fair, worth many *carabaos*. He could not steal her. But to take the pearl would cost him nothing. Yaé read each thought as it came, the maidens of his village were but crude brown creatures beside this pink-skirted girl in the wide, wing-sleeved white blouse. Asum's hand drifted to the knife hilt at his side. "I will bring you

the pearl," he said, "and then we will go. Await me here," and he turned toward the hot beach and the glass-green lagoon. Yae sighed happily. Upon his return it would be easy to tell him that she must first get her clothes, and then, with the pearl, to hide in the mission, where even Asum would not dare pursue her.

While the sleepy town drowsed through the hot afternoon, Father Francisco awoke from his *siesta*, and since sleep would not return, he had gone to the stone chapel on the shore. For thirty years it had held his life, and in the coolth of the thick walls and the soft light of the colored windows he found rest. Rustling in his black robe, he stood before the ancient image of carved wood, his thoughts traveling back across the years to the rich gifts of gold and jewels that bowered the age-darkened figure; and he shook his silvered head sadly as he caught the glow of a great black pearl that lay at the feet of the Madonna, flawless, luminous and beautiful. The pearl had come out of the storm, brought to his shores by Joao Ramirez, and given as an offering for his escape from the waves, and then he had dared to try to steal it back! To steal from Our Lady of Good Journeys! Padre Francisco muttered a prayer of gratitude that the sea-jewel was at last taken from the world, where blood is spilt for pearls.

Lulled by the heavy, breathless heat and the soft cooing of the wood pigeons that sat like iridescent flowers in the shadow of the belfry, the priest saw nothing and heard nothing as Asum crept on naked feet across the threshold and stood for a moment in silence. Yae had told him there was a pearl by the statue, and he paused to accustom his amber eyes to the half-light, as does a wise hunter before he plunges down an unknown trail.

The fragrance of incense came to his nostrils; he saw the bell rope that crawled down the white washed wall like a slender snake; he saw the golden altar candles, and against the wall to the left, he made out the dark image, with its set, archaic smile. Then his searching eyes found the black pearl nesting at its feet. Asum strode forward.

Suddenly, as though a dark-winged spirit had risen at his feet, Padre Francisco confronted him. His glance swept over the Moro, from his gaudy turban down. Clearly this was no friend. "What do you here, my son?" he asked.

Asum sprang back like the jungle cat, lips drawn over his betel-stained teeth, his sinewy hand upon the silver-hilted kris. Yae had made no mention of any opposition. Then the Moro saw that the other man was old and pale with years, and that he had no weapon. Asum grinned, as the jungle cat grins over his kill. "Old man, stand back!" he said, and started again toward the pearl. The priest seized the ravisher by the shoulder and spun him half around. "Out! Out,

heathen thief!" he commanded, his eyes alight with wrath. Asum snarled an answer, and though he left the sleeve of his silken jacket in the other's grip, he leaped clear, and without pausing lifted the black pearl from its place and put it in his sash.

Then he turned, and like a snake the flame-bladed kris moved in his hand; head thrust forward, cruel eyes fixed upon the padre who barred his escape, the Moro advanced, and the old man knew that his hour had come. No thought of pleading entered his mind; he knew the Moro heart. Instead, he fell back swiftly, his robe fluttering about him, and as Asum came on, his hands found the bell rope by the chapel door.

TO A BUILDER OF BOATS

By EDWARD W. BARNARD

*A SEMI-GOD by day, your mind and mien
Respondent to the distant breaker's boom,
When work is done you sit supine, serene,
To jest and gossip in a grimy room.*

*You know the strength and straightness of a
mast,
You know the virgin whiteness of new wings,
How can you when the splendid day is past
Consort with maculate and broken things?*

*Once having breathed the headland's surf-washed
air,
And what allurements lies behind a door?
Yet there you cuddle in a cushioned chair
And of your own volition sleep ashore.*

*O worse than blind, to build such craft as these
And be contented still with pictured seas!*

A wild peal broke the sunlit quiet, hurtling over the empty beach to call his people. As his hands strove down again, the razor-edged knife flicked through the incense-laden air, the full drive of Asum's lean arm behind its swift arc, there was a gasp, and a scarlet flood stained the stone floor. The Moro stood poised, until he saw a blue-veined hand feel at the severed throat and come away dripping, saw Padre Francisco sway as he stood, recover, and then crumple softly down, his black gown settling in waves about him.

Then Asum fled, the bronze call of the bell in his ears to spur him across the beach and into the jungle where Yae waited. She met him wide-eyed. "Why did the bell ring?" she asked the panting man. Asum reached into his sash, and as he held out the great pearl, she saw that his kris was stained and wet. "Here is the pearl. You did not tell me the priest would be there, and before I could stop him he had rung the bell," answered her suitor.

She hid the lustrous thing in her blouse. "I did not think Padre Francisco would be there at this time." She paused, then, "Now I go to get my clothes and we will run away together," she said, and smiled upon him.

Asum's hand closed upon her wrist as she turned. "No! You do not leave me now!" he said. "I am a stranger in your jungles, and you know the paths to safety. If we return to my proa on the beach, they will cut us to pieces." He was holding her savagely, and Yae shrank away. "I have bought you with the pearl and with the priest's life. Lead the way, girl, and we will make them sport, for already I hear them!"

Across the dank air, from the direction of the chapel, came shouts, and the humming undertone of a native mob.

Yae shuddered as she heard the ominous sound. It was her death to be caught with the Moro; and quicker death flared in his eyes as he saw her hesitate. Louder came the ululant roar of their pursuers. Malays, Indios, Subanos, Chinese, all those of Petacaico who had loved the dead padre would seek vengeance. The girl pictured them clearly, led by the fierce Mandaya trackers who read a faint footmark or a bruised cane as other men read print.

For a moment Yae listened, sullen and furious, with eyes as hard as jadestones. There was no escape from Asum. "I will lead the way. Come!" she said, and when he loosed his grip she fled like a shadow into the deeper jungle, the Moro a stride behind.

Yae knew the trails as the cat knows her tiles; every twist and turn in the filigreed gloom had felt the touch of her little feet, for, cat-wise, Yae prowled much alone. For half a mile they fled down the main path leading inland, past the rice fields with their long-horned, placid *carabaos*, to the slopes of the foothills beyond. Then she turned aside, to the left, into the network of game trails where

the wild pig roots. She knew the dim haunts of the buffalo, and the streams where the timid deer came to drink, fearful of the plated crocodile that seems a sunken log until his jaws close, and where the regal python loops his patterned death.

Beneath a stilted banyan grove and through a pestilential canebrake Yae led the Moro, until her breath came in sobbing gasps, and the pink skirt and wide sleeved blouse hung limp and tattered upon her slender body. Then, under a *tié* tree, whose cloying scent was like a hot mist about them, she sank to the ground.

They had left the cries of their pursuers behind, and upon them lay the vast, smothering silence of the deep jungle; the silence made of a hundred sounds, the hum of insects, the whirr of startled wings, the rasp and scrape of lush bamboos; the plaintive whimper of a huddled group of monkeys far overhead, looking down upon the strange creatures below; the grunt and root of a boar churning his tusks in the deeper thicket. All these made the silence of the jungle, and Asum peered about him uneasily and stepped closer to the panting girl; ten feet in any

(Concluded on page 650)

OLD DOBBIN on the up-to-date farm is rapidly giving way to motor-driven implements such as the one shown at the right.

IN THE same manner, too, this well-beloved, old-fashioned type is being superseded by a younger generation of farmers.



KEYSTONE PHOTOS

Exit Reuben!

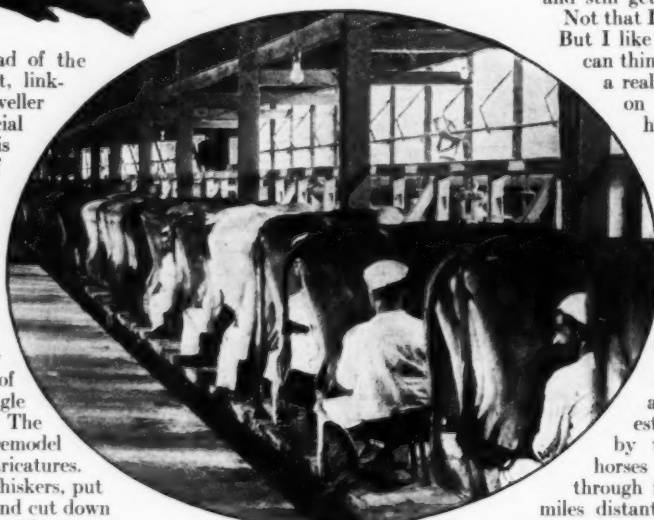
By

Andrew S. Wing

Associate Editor, Farm and Fireside

THE surprising spread of the radiotelephone habit, linking the country dweller with the center of commercial and artistic activity, is another reminder that if the American farmer ever deserved the pet names which his sophisticated city cousins have given him, he has long since outgrown them. Radio is only the latest of a long list of instrumentalities that have been ceaselessly weaving the populations of country and city into a single homogeneous pattern. The cartoonists have had to remodel their stock farmer caricatures. They have trimmed his whiskers, put him into a business suit, and cut down his boots to ankle height. Nor can the theater burlesque the modern farmer, and get away with it. A well-known dramatic critic recently "took a fall out of" a late Broadway production because a leading character used "Keith circuit farmer talk."

The most citified city dweller knows that the genus *Farmer Americanus* is civilized. He sleeps in a regular bed, wears real linen collars, drives a car, or at least a flivver, and laughs at the antics of the same movie stars that amuse Broadway. Perhaps some city people are startled when they meet a farmer in town to see that he doesn't look or act very different from the average city man. Less is known about the farmer's business, but an occasional news report tells the doings of the larger farmers' organizations; the agricultural "bloes" stir up a lot of excitement in Congress; a big ad appears describing a farm product which is being marketed co-operatively. Perhaps a clubman will remark that "the farmers seem to be waking up." They



SANITARY surroundings is the watchword of the present-day dairy. Here is a glimpse of one of the modern kind in Westchester County, near New York.

are, or more correctly, they have already!

It is just as stupid to assume that all city folks are ignorant of country affairs as to conceive that farmers are as unsophisticated as they were once believed to be. The motor car has brought the city to the farmer, and the country to the city man. Good roads, rural free delivery, the telephone, have linked city and country together as never before. But unless one really lives a while in a modern farming community, one can't realize fully what a change mechanical devices have made in country life.

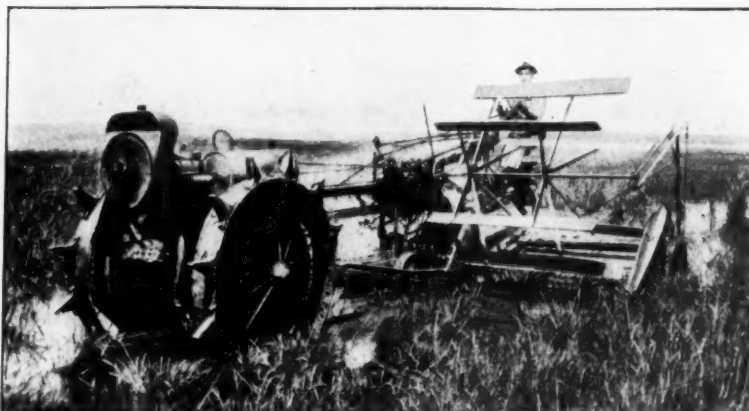
I was born and raised, as the saying goes, in a prosperous Ohio farming community. My father, his father before him, and all my paternal grandfathers back to shortly after the *Mayflower* first landed were farmers, so far as I know.

Except for the time spent in agricultural college, I lived on the home farm, until the war shook things up and I came to work in New York City. Even now I live just as far out of New York as I can and still get back and forth every day.

Not that I don't like New York. I do. But I like it in homeopathic doses. I can think of no better way to make a real country boy want to stay on the farm than to compel him to work a year in New York. It's a sure cure for half-baked illusions about the joys of city living.

When a small boy I remember how farmers were hedged in by the difficulties of travel. A twelve-mile buggy ride to the county seat was an event of great importance. Only very occasionally did I get as far away as Springfield, our nearest city. It is eighteen miles by train. Long drives with horses on Sundays, which took us through farming country five or six miles distant, were to boyish eyes like journeys through foreign lands. I went to school in the village, a walk of a mile. The fresh ways of the town boys rather awed me. Somehow they seemed superior because they lived in town. Their fathers had stores, and ran newspapers and all sorts of things that sounded much more genteel than farming. Perhaps the town boys encouraged this idea. I dreaded to be thought a "country jake," and tried in every way to live down the fact that my parents had disgraced me by living on a farm. Now, I wouldn't exchange that early farm training for anything. The person who has missed having an intimate knowledge of farm life has missed some of life's greatest joys—and sorrows.

One of the first big changes that I remember came with the telephone. It saved time in business and knit the neighborhood into a closer unit. The party line may have been abused but it did bring us closer together. Next came the motor vehicle. Well do I remember my first long automobile trip. The car, one



KETSTONE PHOTOS

I *IMAGINE* how a primitive rice grower from China would gaze in awe at this tractor-drawn rice binder operating in a California field.

C *CHURNING* machines are taking the place of this ancient "elbow-grease" method in many localities.



of those queer two-lunger machines with the engine under the seat, was owned by a neighboring farmer. It took us a whole day to drive thirty miles, but it was a thrilling ride, nevertheless, a great event. Then father bought us boys a second-hand motorcycle, a noisy, uncertain affair, but we were delighted with it, and on it covered a lot of country. It was a cherished possession for all its faults.

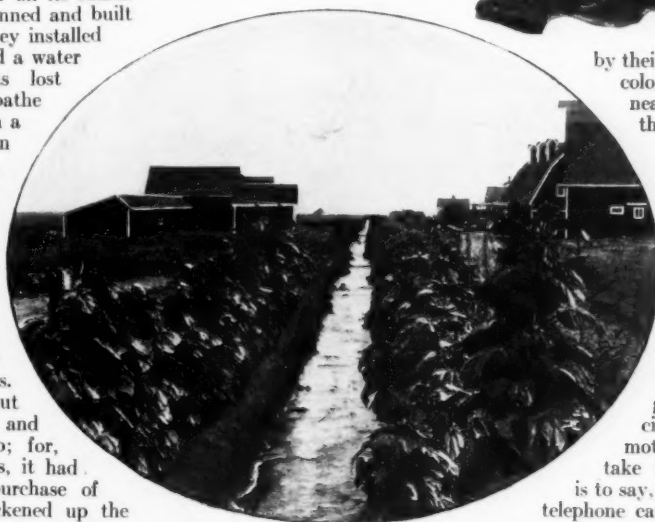
Father and mother planned and built a new house, in which they installed a gas plant, a furnace and a water system. Saturday nights lost their interest; we could bathe any time we felt like it in a real porcelain tub, and in a comfortably warm room. That water system made us a lot of work, though, for we had to work up the pressure with a hand pump. Then an engine was installed to do this pumping. Another triumph! Next came a tractor to lighten the work of the farm horses. We got a lot of good out of that first tractor, and learned a lot from it, too; for, like the early automobiles, it had its eccentricities. The purchase of other new machines quickened up the various farm activities, and enabled us to do better farming and to produce more with the same amount of work.

All these mechanical devices, most of which have since come into quite general use, have brought about a gradual, but very apparent change in the methods of farm work, and in the attitude of the farmer toward his work. Comfortable living habits have become possible. It is easier to get to town, machines take away much of the drudgery, increasing incomes provide better homes, and more luxuries.

Most pronounced, perhaps, has been the change in mental outlook. Farmers have begun to realize that farming is more than just making a living. It has, in fact, become a highly specialized and scientific business. Not until I went to an agricultural college did I begin to realize fully what a fascinating game farming is. It is a business, a science, a profession, and a mode of life. To be a really successful farmer requires more skill and a greater amount of hard

physical and mental labor than anything else I know of. Farming looks easy; but wait until you've tried it before you start telling farmers how to revolutionize their methods.

Along with the evolution of farming from a home-making pursuit to a scientific profession, has come a great change in the



AGRICULTURE is studied and taught as painstakingly as the other sciences and arts. This view shows an irrigation ditch on the C.P.R. Demonstration Farm at Strathmore, Alberta.

farmer's social life. Easy traveling facilities, made possible by the motor car and improved roads, have widened neighborhood boundaries. In my home community, which, I believe, is typical of good farming communities everywhere, it is not unusual for a dance to be held at a central point to which young people from all the neighboring towns within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles flock in considerable numbers. No longer is there any social cleavage between town and country. In fact, if you were to attempt to point out which boys and girls are town-bred and which are country-reared, you would have a difficult task. Certainly, you couldn't distinguish them by their clothes. If you looked closely you might detect the farm boys

by their calloused hands and healthy color. The best orchestras from nearby cities provide music for these affairs, and I can testify that the varieties of jazz dancing indulged in would meet the requirements of any fashionable resort, or zoo if you disapprove of the modern dances.

The gramophone, in all its various forms, has displaced the old-fashioned organ in modern country homes. When a famous singer or a good show comes to a nearby city, many farm families will motor, perhaps, thirty miles to take in the performance. That is to say, they would until the radio-telephone came along to offer them the aural equivalent in their own living-rooms. Perhaps now they prefer to sit tight and travel by ether for nothing instead of by gasoline at whatever-it-is a gallon. Chautauquas visit practically every farming community annually, bringing varied amusement and instruction, much of it commonplace, some of it decidedly worthwhile. The Chautauqua is distinctly a rural American institution. A modern substitute for the old-time camp meeting, it brings town and country folk together for a royal good time, regardless of the quality of the talent.

The country church is rapidly passing, likewise the little old red schoolhouse. Consolidation improves both as to housing facilities and quality of leadership and instruction. Country preachers and pedagogues are becoming real leaders in their districts. Practical problems that exist in farm centers are squarely faced and sincere efforts made to solve them. The county agent (there is one in almost every county now) and the home demon-

(Concluded on page 648)

FIGHTING "FATHOM" WATERS

THIS year, as usual, the Mississippi flood waters of many other years. These pictures give an idea of the Cairo to New Orleans for weeks. So serious did the situation become that Congress, thoroughly alarmed, having the sum of \$1,000,000 available, rushed through the Senate and House a bill proposed by Southern member Henry Weeks and Director of the Army Corps of Engineers, shot below shows a weak spot in the levee at Memphis Terminal Corporation. Memphis. Nearby 18,000 barrels of oil, valued at \$1,565,000, were stored in warehouses along the river.

P. A. A.



BLANCHLEY STUDIO, HELENA

AT OLD TOWN, ARK., about seventeen miles south of Helena, during the flood stage, the river was five miles wide, and a threatening slough in the levee occurred. Under the direction of skilled engineers a small levee was hurriedly constructed of bags filled with earth. Behind this a second levee, similar in construction to the first but much larger, was built (see photograph under large picture in center). Trees were felled, floated down the river and placed to form a jetty immediately above the danger point to throw the force of the current away from the levee. Finally, as a precautionary measure, a third and still larger embankment—seen above—was thrown up with almost incredible speed. Had the river broken entirely through at Old Town the best lands of four fertile counties would have been inundated and the flood waters would have reached far to the south—into northern Louisiana. The "Pelican State," if one may judge from the newspaper reports, had troubles of its own with the rapidly rising waters.

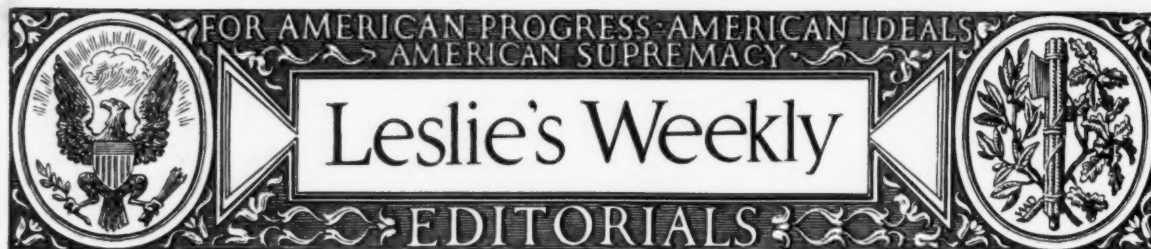


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BLANCHLEY STUDIO, HELENA

THE second levee at Old Town, Arkansas, (above). The photo at left shows a weak spot in the levee at Memphis, Ky. This year the river rose gradually and, as a result, property in places



Conducted by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The Diplomacy of Blunder

GERMAN diplomacy is marvelously consistent. It works out the wrongest possible mode of action and then follows it faithfully. There is nothing in the German-Russian agreement at Genoa which has not been foreshadowed. With the exception of some minor items, it contains nothing intrinsically indefensible. If only on the principle that misery loves company, it was almost inevitable that the two down-and-out nations should seek what comfort and relief they could find in some sort of economic alliance. But the time and manner of the conclave suggested trickery at the best, treachery at the worst. While commercially the Germans gain nothing to the detriment of any other nation which they did not already possess, back of the express terms of the covenant looms the threat of a future military alliance. In the face of that peril the small nations bordering Russia must make common cause with France. English sympathizers with the rampant nationalism of Poincaré can now claim justification. Thus the French militarism which is the chief danger in Europe is immeasurably strengthened. For whatever of disaster to herself may grow out of the situation, Germany can blame only her own incurable maladroitness.

Empty Cradles

FRANCE'S gravest danger is not external but internal. If she perishes it will be not by murder, as the shrieking militarist politicians would have the world believe, but by suicide. She is a waning nation. Notwithstanding the accession of Alsace-Lorraine, which approximately compensated in population for her war losses, she had nearly four hundred thousand less inhabitants in 1921 than in 1911. It will be only two or three years now before she will cease to be first of the Latin nations. Italy will have displaced her. Fecund Germany has five times as many babies in a year as sterile France. The tragic significance of this is unmistakable. No power of arms can indefinitely maintain a people unable to replenish itself. A great French medical authority estimates that, unless his country's birth rate speedily increases, in less than a generation it will have degenerated into a second-class power of only twenty-five million inhabitants, and a great military authority adds this touching and sorrowful warning: "France is dying because her cradles are empty." All the reparations in Europe can not compensate for this condition.

On Being Impressed

IT WAS bound to happen. On the whole it is deserved retribution. When she came to this country with no equipment other than a sublime self-confidence, a measure of social notoriety, and a factitious cleverness expressed in a book which, as a revelation of bad taste, has seldom been equalled, the great, unchartered Society of American Snobs groveled before Margot Asquith in windrows of adulation; wherefore she proceeds to write her "impressions" of America. From her own foreword it appears that "the Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" will not be sparing of her venom. "One touch of ill-nature makes the whole world kin and I must make an effort not to disappoint my thoughtful critics," the sprightly creature remarks, which may be taken as indication of what she purposes to do to us. And quite logically. The way to

make bootlickers appreciate the taste of blacking is to kick them properly when they fawn. Trust Margot for understanding that—and us. To be sure she knows nothing of what America essentially is or means or stands for; has nothing of any conceivable value to contribute to our self-knowledge. But she does most shrewdly and profitably sense that quality of vapid toadyism on our part which, together with clever press-agenting on hers, lends to her an importance here which she could never hope to enjoy in a less sycophantic country. Will a new Declaration of Independence be necessary before we Americans cease to be impressed by the "impressions" of foreigners whose only claim upon our attention is a condescension bordering upon contempt?

Blessed (?) Are the Trouble-makers

STRANGE theories flit, bat-like, through the murk of the United States Senate Chamber. One of them has found a congenial roost in the cupola of Senator King who, under its influence, perceives that the world is getting along too comfortably, that there is not enough desolation, famine, want, misery, irritation and threat of war to go around properly. As a local remedy for this alarming condition he proposes that the United States blockade Mexico and compel her to pay half a billion dollars of alleged damages. Unfortunately for this neighborly little design, the use of navies as private debt-collecting agencies is going out of fashion. And just now public opinion seems thoroughly poisoned with the pernicious and pacifistic belief that the international trouble-market needs no artificial stimulus of the kind prescribed by the statesman from Utah. He will have to think up some other method of injecting zest into the present dull and placid phase of history.

Wheels and the Land

SHOULD gasoline, by some miracle, abruptly lose its explosiveness, what values would be most radically affected? Manufacturing, at first thought, would seem sure to be the worst sufferer, and next to that, finance, which backs the immense motor industry. Yet the combined injury to the two would be insignificant compared to the cataclysmic disaster to real estate values. Except in the great centers these are now actually predicated upon the motor car. Imagine a small city permanently cut off from motor transportation; how long would be required for it to become a deserted village? Nowhere has there been a more profitable, healthful and valuable development in American life than the suburb. The automobile is the main agency of this growth. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of the cheap and effective car upon business efficiency and individual happiness in the agricultural districts. Drain the world of gasoline and there would be a crash in real estate values beside which the worst financial panics would be unimportant, followed by such a resurgence of rural and suburban population to the cities as would impossibly overtax their capacity. Probably 90 per cent. of the owned land of the country has a greatly enhanced value because it is more or less attainable to gas-driven vehicles. Or, to put it in mathematical terms, the value of land is in inverse ratio to the amount of gasoline required to reach it. Here is a thought for those taxation experts who insist upon regarding the automobile as a luxury.

As We Were Saying

By Arthur H. Folwell

Nature Studies by W. E. Hill

SWATTING AROUND THE CIRCLE
ALREADY there is talk of conducting the next Presidential campaign, that of 1924, by radio. Candidates, by means of it, may address millions instead of mere thousands, and do so without exhausting themselves by a "swing around the circle."

There are limitations to radio campaigning which should not be minimized, however. Remember the Roosevelt smile? How could you broadcast that by radio? Recall the McKinley handshake? How is that to be accomplished by wireless? You do not have to be Chairman of a National Committee to know that both smile and handshake are important when one is out gunning for votes.

There is some hope for the slap on the back; some chance of reproducing that. Wizard Steinmetz, in his laboratory the other day, made an artificial stroke of lightning that splintered a tree. And there is the big idea. Dilute that lightning-stroke, and so harness electrical force that it may be released at the will of a radio-ordinator. Then, at just the right moment of his campaign speech into the broadcaster, the candidate for President touches a button and every listener-in gets a glorious thump between the shoulder blades that propels him half way across the room. Think what it would mean to be able to boast: "Harding slapped me on the back last night. Some mixer, I'll say. He gets my vote!"

If the thing can be successfully done—and why not?—the process may take its place in American politics and be known as swatting around the circle. The smile and the handshake, important as they are, are not as vital as "the personal touch."

Some folks think they have done their full duty by humanity when they say they are "so sorry" for some one.

"THE MAID'S ROOM"

FIRST STAGE: "This is your room, Bridget. See; it has a window and a nice, roomy closet."

Second Stage: "This is your room, Bridget. See; it has a bay window with a cushioned window seat and two large closets."

Third Stage: "This is your room, Bridget. See; it has four windows with window seats all around; two large closets, and your own private bath opening off."

Fourth Stage: "These are your rooms, Bridget. See; this is your boudoir

with five windows and a private balcony; here is your private bath; and here is your living-room with an open fireplace."

Fifth Stage: "This is your suite, Bridget. See; your boudoir with eight windows and four closets; a guest-room in case one of your friends wishes to remain overnight; your private bath with needle and shower; and your living-room with open fireplace and outdoor sleeping porch."

Next and final stage: "This little room with the one window is my husband's and mine, Bridget. The rest of the house is yours."

MORE and more city girls are wearing knickers. "But she can't scratch a match on the seat of her pants because she ain't built that way," went an old, old song. She can now because she is.

PUTTING OVER THE POSTHUMOUS

UNPUBLISHED poems by the New England School—by Longfellow, Lowell or Whittier—have about run out. It must be all of twenty-five years since an old desk or chest of drawers gave up a musty manuscript. Letters by Mark Twain are running low, too. Albert Bigelow Paine has to get along on missives beginning, "Enclosed please find, kindly acknowledge receipt"; not much inspiration for a book, you must admit.

But, notwithstanding, the posthumous game is looking up. The hitherto un-



published poem or letter may be in a bad slump, but the unpublished phonograph record is arriving to fill the gap. The Easter sales season saw the first of a series of posthumous Caruso records. Said the catalog announcement: "The upper tones of the singer's voice are not brought into special prominence, but the lower and middle ones are of sterling beauty." In other words, not so good, but not bad. There will be other Caruso records as occasion demands, and as time passes and the available supply diminishes, the catalog announcements may be as follows:

"The upper tones of the great singer's voice are not in evidence, the lower ones aren't either; but the middle tones are wonderful." And after a reasonable interval—

"Something went wrong in the making of this record; the middle tones are rasps and the upper tones are screeches; but the lower tones are almost a delight." And finally—

"An explosion in the street outside the laboratory somewhat marred the beauty of this record, but we can assure our patrons that, like the curate's egg, parts of it are excellent."

But by that time other favorites will have become posthumous, and the game may be played all over again.

SMOKING for women seems to have taken its place among the refinements of life, but just the same we have small opinion of the young daughter who lets her old mother smoke in public.



"This is your room, Bridget."

DRIVEN BY THE WILL TO WIN



KEYSTONE

JAY GOULD, who defeated Hewitt Morgan in the challenge round for the national court tennis championship. It was his sixteenth year of victory in challenge matches.

BACHIRACH



FOTOGRAMS

HENRY J. TOPPING, who won the North and South Amateur Golf championships recently at Pinehurst, N. C.



WHITE FROM U. & C.
CADET WILLIAM H. MAGLIN, U. S. Military Academy, who won the recent light-heavy-weight championship at West Point.

KEYSTONE

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 44, who trotted from N. Y. to Boston in 50 hours.

FOTOGRAMS

A CHAMPION at twenty! Virgil Richard, rated as the best small bore rifle shot in the world. He was high man on the American team that defeated the British teams.



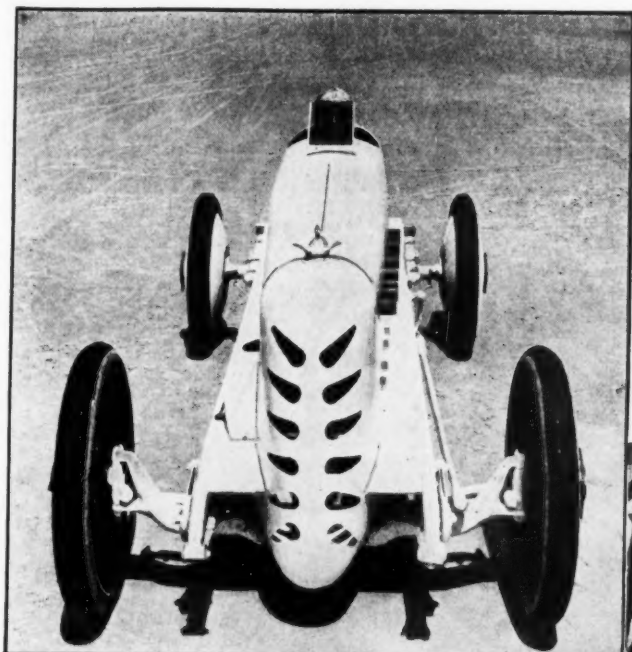
MALCOLM ALDRICH, Captain of the Yale Football Team, is also a brilliant baseball shortstop, and a New Haven idol.

KEYSTONE



GLENN COLLETT, of Providence, R. I., winner of the Women's North and South Golf Title at Pinchurst, N. C.

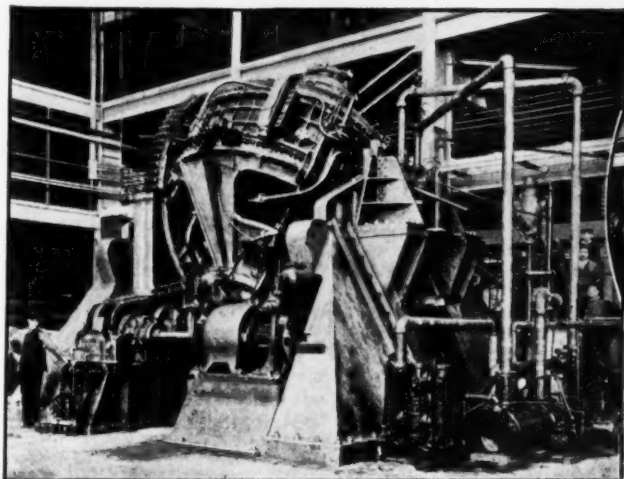
FOTOGRAMS



USING a 250 horse power "Wisconsin Special"—a 2,000-pound machine, the widest part of which measured just twenty inches—Sig Haugdahl, of Trondhjem, Norway, hurtled over a mile at Daytona, Fla., in 19.97 seconds. In doing so he traveled at the rate of 180.27 miles per hour, the greatest speed ever attained by a vehicle of any type driven on land. Here he is, as he appeared just before he started on his record-smashing dash. Haugdahl's car carried a 6-cylinder motor, which weighed only 610 pounds and had a piston displacement of 76½ inches.



WIDE WORLD



KEYSTONE

IS SEASICKNESS on our great ocean liners soon to be a thing of the past? It may be—if this gyrostabilizer proves a success. The huge affair—a vast and extremely heavy top that is made to spin at an incredible speed—is soon to be installed on the liner, *Hawkeye State*, where, according to its inventors, it will reduce rolling to a minimum.

NEWS THAT PICTURES TELL

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the oldest elephant in the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus, placing a tribute on the memorial shaft to "Old Beth," the first elephant to be exhibited in the United States. From 1815 to 1827, when she died, "Old Beth" was shown all over the country by Hachaliah Bailey. The shaft seen in the picture below was erected in her memory, at Somers, N. Y. John L. Sullivan, using shank's mare to a retirement farm, passed through Somers, and stopped long enough to shed a few tears over her monument.



LLOYD LOGAN

AN ATLANTIC Coast Line freight car which jumped the track in Tampa, Fla., backed across a street, plowed through the front of a business block and parked itself neatly in a store. Note the manner in which the runaway selected the door—and entered it without touching the walls.

DEAF?

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For fifteen years we have been urging every deaf person to try the Acousticon for ten days, absolutely free of cost or obligation—this because we are confident that our constant and expert effort has succeeded in keeping it more efficient than any other device. We again urge you to accept the

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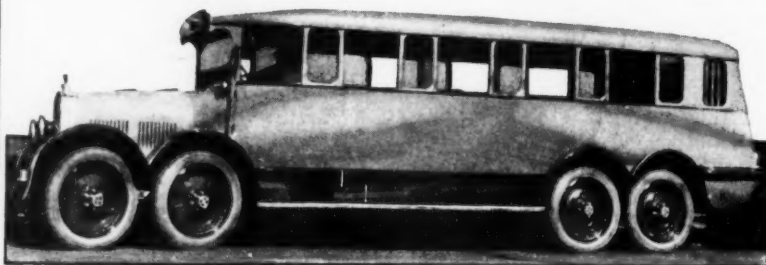
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wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth \$750 to \$1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co. 38 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

The Weakest Link of Motoring

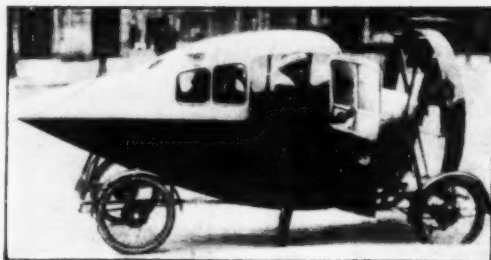
MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Subscribers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be inclosed for reply.



KEYSTONE



P. & A.

THE above rather radical departure in motor vehicle design is an eight-wheel motor bus, which recently made its appearance in California. The machine steers on all four front wheels and drives and brakes on all four rear wheels. It can make fifty miles an hour and is extremely comfortable. The freak at the left is a Parisian creation, which is pulled along by a propeller.

THERE are somewhat over 10,000,000 cars in use in this country. Each of these cars is designed and built to be operated over some kind of path through the city or wilderness, known as a road. Without roads motor cars could not run.

In England and the more thickly populated sections of Continental Europe, the roads are practically all of one type—good; in this country we have three types—good, bad and impossible, or impassable rather.

Such conditions exist in this country because of its rapid development and the fact that in some sections only a few decades have marked the transition from trackless wildernesses to thriving modern cities and cultivated farm lands. The original roads were nothing but paths cut through the forest to permit of the passage of horseback riders and ox carts. Eventually, travel wore them into the shape of two ruts, muddy in spring and dusty in summer. A still further development called for the grading of such roads so that the water would drain and not accumulate in pools. Such grading was accomplished by means of the drag, or too often merely by sod and stones piled in the center.

But the high-speed ability of the automobile called for roads of comparatively smooth surface, which could be used with comparative safety and comfort throughout twelve months of the year. This called for the development of a hard surface, impervious to the action of water, and one which would correspond theoretically to a roadway hewn out of rock.

It is in the attempt to build such a road-

way that our engineers and contractors have miserably failed. True, there are stretches of road to which county or State authorities can point with pride, which have been in constant use for ten or fifteen years at comparatively small upkeep cost. The average "good road" in this country, however, is of short life and the history of many such undertakings indicates that completely new roads must be built before the ten or fifteen-year bonds issued to defray the cost of the original construction, have reached maturity.

Such a deplorable state of affairs is seldom due, as a rule, to the State and county highway graft to which the American press is so wont to refer. The average highway is honestly created according to specifications, but either these specifications are not correct or the road-building art has not kept pace with motor car development, for we have yet to see the stretch of highway which, from the standpoint of driving comfort, permanency, self-sustaining qualities and initial cost can be considered as ideal.

It is scant excuse to state that traffic has increased in volume to such an extent that the highway built three years ago cannot sustain the number or weight of vehicles passing over it to-day. This traffic is but the logical development of yesterday, and if the Romans could build road foundations which would last for 2,000 years, why cannot our modern civil engineers construct similar roadbeds, which will withstand rubber-tire traffic for ten years?

But the amount of the traffic over a given highway is not always to blame and never need be the cause of road deterioration if the foundation and surface are

built of sufficient thickness. We have pointed out before how in a few months even an unused highway can be destroyed rapidly through the action of water and frost. For example, witness some of the parkways of our larger cities over which no commercial traffic is allowed. Holes and bumps can be observed in such roads in from three to ten years after construction or thorough repair, and certainly the mass or the weight of this restricted traffic cannot have been the cause of such failure.

The United States Department of Agriculture, through experiments conducted by the Bureau of Public Roads, has determined the importance which should be attached to proper subsoil drainage and installation of the highway foundation in relation to the nature of that subsoil. Further, the tests have indicated that so long as a road surface can be kept smooth its deterioration can be retarded, but so soon as holes or bumps are allowed to appear, the increased impact set up by a vehicle passing over such depressions or obstructions will aggravate their depth or height and, through the "bouncing" effect, will set up others. Therefore, from the one small hole or rut occurring in a highway, dozens of others can be produced in its immediate vicinity.

The old type of road can no longer be considered economical for motor traffic. The speed at which such vehicles travel creates a suction which soon loosens particles of the surface and the highway will soon become as much an obstacle as the old type of ungraded dirt road.

The country which boasts of the greatest number of automobiles per thousand inhabitants must hang its head in shame as also being the country of the fewest number of miles of improved roads per car. And even such roads as are "improved" do not remain in this condition an adequate length of time for such total mileage to be adequately increased. New construction but little more than offsets yearly depreciation, and to initial construction cost must be added tremendous sums of repairs and maintenance which could have been saved had the proper type of construction been employed in the beginning.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Is molybdenum steel stronger than other high grade alloys?
 2. What is the Uniform Motor Vehicle Law?
- Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. What proportion of the truck load is carried on the rear wheels?

This will vary according to the design of the truck. On the majority of trucks with the engine forward, the center of the load-carrying space must be placed considerably back of the center of the chassis. This brings about 75 per cent. of the average load on the rear wheels and 25 per cent. on the front wheels. The weight of the average truck without body is usually equally distributed between front and rear axles.

2. What is the principle on which the spark intensifier works?

The coil "builds up" the voltage until it becomes of sufficient intensity to jump the space introduced in the secondary circuit. The greater the width of this space, the higher must the voltage be built up in order to jump the gap. A spark intensifier serves to introduce an additional spark gap into the secondary circuit with the result that the voltage is built up to a higher point by the coil and the resulting spark across the spark plug points is correspondingly hotter and stronger.



How Pretty Teeth affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years

two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

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These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

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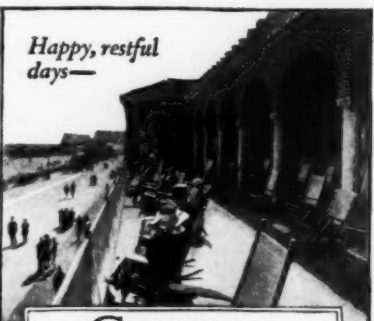
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Radio Department

Conducted by

William H. Easton, Ph.D.

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vice regarding the selection, installation, operation and care
of radio receiving sets. No charge is made for this service.
Address all letters to Radio Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627
West 44th Street, New York, giving full name and exact
street address. In case an answer by mail is desired a two-
cent postage stamp should be inclosed. For information
concerning the technical details of construction of receivers
and transmitters the reader is referred to the several excellent
technical radio journals to be found everywhere to-day.

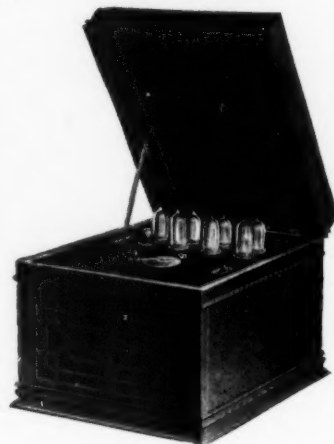
Vacuum Tube Receivers

AS EXPLAINED in the last issue of this
magazine, there are two classes of
radio receivers: (1) crystal detector
receivers, which employ a crystal as the "de-
tector" and are simple and inexpensive, but
have a radiotelephone range of about twenty
miles only; and (2) vacuum tube receivers,
which employ one or more vacuum tubes, re-
sembling small electric lamps, and which must
be used to hear stations that are more than
twenty miles away.

The different makes of vacuum tube re-
ceivers are legion, and very few resemble each
other in appearance, but nevertheless there
are only a few basic types. These types,
with their principal characteristics, are given
in the following list, and a study of this list
should enable anyone to select the kind of re-
ceiver to suit his needs.

Single-tube Receivers—These receivers have
only a single tube and are the simplest and
least expensive of this class. Those of good
makes have a dependable range of about fifty
miles, but under favorable conditions are
usually able to receive high-powered stations,
such as KDKA, at distances up to 300 miles.
They receive clearly but not very loudly.
"Loud speakers" (that is, sound-magnifying
horns) cannot be used with them. Prices
range up to \$75 for complete outfits of the
best makes.

Two-tube Receivers (One stage of ampli-
fication)—By using a second vacuum tube, the
sounds as heard in a single-tube receiver can
be considerably amplified, so that messages
from nearby stations come in very loudly,
and those from high-powered stations as far
away as 500 miles can be distinctly heard
under favorable conditions. Two-tube in-



A HIGH-GRADE multi-tube re-
ceiver. It is equipped with a
built-in loud speaker, so that earphones
are not needed to hear nearby stations.
An instrument of this kind costs \$325.

struments cost from \$20 to \$50 more than
single-tube receivers of corresponding makes.
They are not recommended for use with loud
speakers unless used within a few miles of a
station.

Three-tube Receivers (Two stages of Ampli-
fication)—The third tube provides still greater
amplification of the messages, so that three-
tube receivers have a very wide range. Loud
speakers can be used with these instruments.
A three-tube receiver of one of the best makes
costs \$216 complete. Loud speakers cost
from \$5 to \$200 additional, depending upon
the quality and volume of the sound.

Multi-tube Receivers—Receivers of the high-
est grade have several stages of amplification
and are often provided with built-in loud
speakers. An excellent instrument can be
purchased for \$325. At higher prices, re-
ceivers with phonograph attachments and
"period" cabinets can be obtained.

Unit Receivers—Several manufacturers sup-
ply receivers which can be constructed in
units, like sectional bookcases. A single-
tube receiver is first purchased, and one, two
and more stages of amplifica-
tion can be added, as the
purchaser desires.

In purchasing vacuum tube
receivers remember these
facts:

Two kinds of batteries
(known as A and B batteries)
must be used to operate
vacuum tubes. The A bat-
tery is usually a six-volt
storage battery, but in some
cases is an ordinary door-
bell dry cell. The B bat-
tery is usually a special dry
cell, although storage bat-
teries are also being supplied
for the same service.

There is an upkeep ex-
pense for new dry batteries,
for new tubes, and for re-
charging storage batteries.
This expense may amount
to from \$15 to \$100 a year,
depending upon the size of
the receiver, the length of
use, and luck.

The \$216 two-stage re-
ceiver mentioned above costs
only \$130 without the neces-
sary aerial, batteries, tubes,
and earphones. Therefore



be sure that quotations are for complete outfits and not merely empty cabinets.

Give preference to reputable manufacturers. There are many "fly-by-night" makers of radio equipment, who supply inferior apparatus and have no facilities for giving service.

Under unfavorable atmospheric and local conditions, even the best of receivers may not have a range of much over fifty miles.

A RADIOPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

One of the New York hotels is planning to place a radiotelephone receiver in every room. A large central receiving set will receive the messages and distribute them to the room receivers. Apartment houses will probably also adopt the same system, charging, it is likely, each tenant a small sum for the service.

A COMMERCIAL RADIO BROADCASTING STATION

A new kind of broadcasting station will be placed in operation in New York City by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in the near future. This station will be open to the general public, and anyone who has something to tell the world can do so on payment of the tolls. The wave length to be used has not been announced, but it is understood that it will be higher than the 360 meters of the regular stations.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

TO READERS IN MONTANA AND ARIZONA.—We do not have any specific data in regard to broadcasting conditions in these two States. We shall appreciate it greatly, therefore, if readers who have receivers and reside in these States would inform this department the stations they can hear, the character and consistency of the reception, and the simplest type of receiver that can be used.

R. K. LONDON, ONTARIO.—You should have no difficulty in hearing KDKA, WWJ, and KYW, with a simple vacuum tube receiver.

N. S. LOS VEGAS, N. M.—A crystal detector receiver, costing less than \$35 complete, will receive a station nineteen miles away, but in your location you would hear nothing else.

W. R. B. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—A meter equals thirty-nine inches, but the term "360-meter wave" means a radio wave that is 360 meters from crest to crest and does not refer to the distance the wave can travel. In a like manner, one could speak of a "three-foot wave," which would indicate simply the size of the wave.

HIGH-POWERED BROADCASTING STATIONS OFFERING REGULAR PROGRAMS

All operated on wave lengths of approximately 360 meters.

WGI, MEDFORD HILLSIDE, MASS. (Amrad).

WBZ, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (Westinghouse).

WGY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y. (General Electric).

WJZ, NEWARK, N. J. (Radio Corporation—Westinghouse).

*WYCB, BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y. (U. S. Signal Corps).

KDKA, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Westinghouse).

WBL, DETROIT, MICH. (Detroit News).

KYW, CHICAGO, ILL. (Westinghouse).

*Actual wave length 1,450 meters, but can also be heard on about 365 meters.

LOCATIONS OF OTHER STATIONS

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATLANTA, GA.

CINCINNATI, O.

MADISON, WIS.

LINCOLN, NEB.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DALLAS, TEX.

DENVER, COL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SEATTLE, WASH.

In addition, several hundred small stations are scattered throughout the country.

A TYPICAL PROGRAM

The following program of one of the larger stations (KDKA) illustrates the general character of broadcasting service.

WEEK DAYS

10.00 to 10.15 A.M.—News and music.

12.30 to 1.00 P.M.—News and music.

2.00 to 2.30 P.M.—News and music.

4.00 to 4.30 P.M.—News and music.

7.30 to 7.45 P.M.—Stories for children.

7.45 to 8.30 P.M.—News, agricultural reports, weather forecast and speeches.

8.30 to 9.00 P.M.—Musical program.

9.00 to 9.05 P.M.—News.

9.05 to 9.30 P.M.—Musical program.

10.00 P.M.—Arlington time signals.

SUNDAYS.

Church services at 10.45 A.M., 3 P.M., 7.30 P.M.



Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

Behind the scenes is the terminal of all the underground and overhead lines on the streets and highways. Here are the cable vaults; the great steel frames containing the thousands of separate wires and fuses for the subscribers' lines; the dynamos and storage batteries; the giant switchboards through which your telephone is connected with the other thirteen million telephones in the Bell System.

And here, in charge of this equipment, are the guardians of the

circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the prevention of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

It is the skill of the men behind the scenes, together with scientific development and construction, efficient maintenance and operation, which make it possible for you to rely upon the telephone day and night.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

THE NEW INSTITUTE OF ECONOMICS

SOME time ago attention was called in these columns to the American people's need of wider and more accurate knowledge of economics. The proposed movement for exciting popular interest in a much-neglected subject by means of lectures before schools, clubs, other organizations, groups of workingmen, and even groups of capitalists, was commended, as was the starting of study centers under union auspices for the instruction on this line of coming leaders of labor. It was taken for granted that the newspapers and magazines would co-operate earnestly in such an undertaking. Evidently such methods will be useful so far as they shall energetically and faithfully be carried out. They cannot fail to add greatly to general acquaintance with economic principles, facts, and laws.

But these efforts are more or less sporadic and lacking in co-ordination. With them alone the wheel would be incomplete; it would not have a real hub. The latter has now been supplied, and if it does not create a revolution in the thinking of the nation on economic topics, and therefore in its practice where matters of the kind are involved, it will at least accelerate an excellent work. This new centralizing factor in the situation is the Institute of Economics just established by the Carnegie Foundation of New York, which has appropriated \$1,600,000 to conduct the project for the next ten years. The Institute will be in charge of fifteen trustees, eminent as educators and business men. A staff of experts will be employed to gather and to put in readily understandable shape information bearing on every phase of the economic field. Facts will be collected in so scientific a manner that their reliability will be above question. The investigators will act hand in hand with economic bodies in good standing and with colleges and other educational institutions. The amount of valuable fundamental facts concerning the nation's industrial life which will thereby be obtained and broadcasted will be varied, ample and authoritative. The Institute will not attempt to carry on any sort of propaganda in favor of any class, group, or party. It will only present undisputable facts and allow the students of them to form their own conclusions.

Here is initiated a plan of economic enlightenment such as has never before been undertaken on so broad a scale. As it is bound to be honest and impartial it will command everybody's respect and

confidence and its activities will be most beneficial to the country. The ability of its promoters assures its success and helpful results may be expected without undue delay. Public sentiment is to be a power, hereafter, in the settlement of industrial controversies. Public sentiment thoroughly educated in economic directions will be not only an irresistible, but also a judicial, decider of the merits of disputes between employers and employees. Its verdicts will then have a permanent weight and it will set up sound precedents in all future disagreements. Many a strike and lockout will be averted when economic facts and laws are more intelligently heeded. The diffusion of economic information, therefore, will advance the cause of those who seek an end of all industrial strife. Mr. Carnegie's millions could not be devoted to a more beneficent purpose. The total losses in wages and profits due to the coal miners' strike will far exceed the fund to be expended on this project. It is only regrettable that the Institute did not begin to function many years ago. But if it goes ahead now with vigor and fairness, it can do service of immense worth to coming generations. The creation of the Institute is one of the most important occurrences of the time.

Answers to Inquiries

K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: The Standard Gas & Electric Co. 7½ per cent. bonds, 7 per cent. gold notes, and 8 per cent. pfd. stock are all well regarded investments, being issued by a company which is one of the well-managed Byllesby corporations. The Northern States Power Company is also a Byllesby corporation and the same remarks may be applied to it.

D., OMAHA, NEB.: As net earnings in the past fiscal year were more than twice interest requirements, you could prudently buy the general and refunding gold bonds of the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation. The bonds are in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000. They are due March 1, 1942, and non-callable before March 1, 1932. The company pays normal Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. and the bonds are exempt from personal property tax in California. The bonds were introduced at par and interest.

G., HAVANA, CUBA: There would be no undue risk on your part in purchasing the twenty-year customs administration 5½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds of the Dominican republic. These bonds were issued by the military government of Santo Domingo acting under authority of the United States Government. The bonds are not callable before March 1, 1931. The annual customs revenue of the republic has been ample for the service of all funded debt. The proceeds of the bonds are to be used for retiring a portion of external indebtedness and all internal indebtedness and for various public improvements. The bonds were quoted recently at a price to yield over 6 per cent.

F., NEW YORK, N. Y.: While they can hardly be called as yet gilt-edged, the Czechoslovak republic's 8 per cent. secured external sinking fund gold loan bonds due April 1, 1931, have considerable merit. They are not subject to redemption before May 1, 1932, and they come in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. The bonds are secured by a charge on customs duties and the profits of the tobacco monopoly. The republic is one of the new states of Central Europe and is showing a lot of recuperative power. The government has undertaken to pay weekly to a strong banking house in London one-fifty-second part of the total annual requirements

of interest and sinking fund of the loan. The bonds were offered at a price to yield over 8.5 per cent. to maturity.

G. PITTSBURGH, PA.: The United Light & Railways Company's first lien and consolidated 6 per cent. mortgage gold bonds were properly enough recommended to you by your broker. The company operates properties serving seventy-seven prosperous communities in Iowa, Illinois and elsewhere, and earnings are nearly twice interest requirements. The bonds are due April 1, 1935, and are non-callable for twenty-five years. They are in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. The company will pay the normal Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. and will refund the State tax in Pennsylvania and Connecticut up to four mills annually. The proceeds of the bonds will be used to refund other issues. The bonds were quoted not long ago to yield over 6.45 per cent.

J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Consolidated Textile Company is in no sense "a safe investment," but only a speculation. The company's business in the South has been brisk and profitable; in the North its business has been seriously damaged by strikes. After these are properly settled, the company may prosper in all its departments, but it will probably be some time before any dividends are paid.

G., AKRON, OHIO: The common stock of the Good-year Rubber Company looks like a long pull. Dividends are probably remote. The shares may in time sell higher, but when that will be no one can tell. If the market continues to go up you might be able to get more for your stock by and by than at present, but it certainly would be better for you to have your money in some dividend-paying issue.

K., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: Erie Railroad reports, though not highly favorable, have not been so bad as at one time was expected. This is supposedly a bull market and if it continues so, Erie common even should go up a few more points. Recessions are possible, of course, at any time and the safest thing is to take a substantial profit on a stock. While the outlook for Columbia Graphophone has somewhat improved, it does not seem likely that the common stock will make a big jump upward right away. In your case the price may reach your purchase figure, but at present the shares are highly speculative. The preferred would be a better purchase, but even that is a speculation.

P., HANOVER, PA.: I feel sure that Southern Pacific will reach par before Northern Pacific and that it therefore is just now the better purchase. But if Northern Pacific's old dividend should be restored because of improvement in the railroad business that stock will surely some day sell as high as 100.

L., TURTLE CREEK, PENN.: Since you want "as sure a thing as possible" in stocks, you had better not buy the oil or the mining issues you name, but put your \$500 in such stocks as Allis-Chalmers pfd., American Steel Foundries pfd., American Water Works pfd., Bush Terminal Building pfd.

K., WOODSOKET, R. I.: Wickwire & Spencer common, Atlantic Fruit and Tennessee Copper are non-dividend payers, in the speculative class, and their shares are not to be recommended. The Owens Bottling Company makes a good report and is paying \$2 a year. The stock is a fair business man's purchase. The Manhattan Electrical Supply Company had a deficit in 1920 but paid dividends.

R., ST. PAUL, MINN.: The Paramount Royalties Syndicate is said to be about as safe as any such venture can be. If shares at present in royalties from two gushers and has paid liberal dividends. The managers are reaching out and aim to keep the enterprise up for years. Of course that remains to be seen and the shares in the syndicate are speculative.

A., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.: Later information received by me is to the effect that the Petoskey Portland Cement Company is a going concern and paid 3 per cent. cash dividends in July and October, 1921, and January and April, 1922. In February, 1922, the capital stock was increased from \$200,000 to \$2,500,000. The old stockholders bought \$500,000 of this at par. The additional \$2,000,000 will be offered to stockholders and the proceeds be used to double the capacity of the plant. The stock, it is stated, has never sold below par, \$10.

K., JUDITH GAP, MONT.: The prospectus shows that the Armbrust Stores and Garage Corp. has at least possibilities. Apparently it has not as yet got into profitable operation, and is not earning the dividend on its preferred stock. The shares, therefore, are a speculation at present. There are good men among the officers. But time only can tell whether the company will be a thorough success.

J., ST. CHARLES, MO.: Central Steel 8 per cent. bonds are desirable. The company has been prospering and has been paying liberal dividends.

B., PORTLAND, ORE.: I should prefer Middle States Oil to General Motors common, and Sinclair might be with immediate advantage exchanged for Middle States Oil. Middle States Oil is a dividend payer and the other two are not. If you buy Goodyear pfd. you enter into a fair long-pull speculation. I cannot foresee when General Motors common will resume dividends.

K., CUMBERLAND, VA.: Abenworth Brothers in 1920 had net earnings available for bond interest estimated at \$260,000. Interest on the bonds totals only \$36,000, which left a large margin of safety.

F., BRADDOCK, PA.: I can see very little brightness in the future of the Island Oil Corporation. Its stock is only a gamble at present. When a company goes into the hands of a receiver, the chances often are that it will go further and become a bankrupt. Of course, Island Oil may be saved from that, but time only can decide its fate. Studebaker is too high for its dividend and seems to have discounted a possible increase in return. You could get a better yield on market price by buying American Woolen common, Bush Terminal Bldg. 7 per cent. pfd. or U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. pfd.

K., SEATTLE, WASH.: The affairs of the U. S. Steamship Company and of the U. S. Ship Corporation are in an extremely confused condition, and to an outsider look rather unhelpful. The U. S. Steamship Co. has been pressing a claim against the Emergency Shipping Board for \$2,300,000 alleged to be due on contracts entered into with the Government during the war. On the other

hand, the Government has had the officials of the company indicted on charges of fraud in connection with these contracts. The case has not yet been tried. I doubt very much if you will ever get your money back.

L., LONG BEACH, CAL.: The two hundred shares of pfd. stock concerning which you inquire were issued by the old Rock Island company, which was dissolved in 1916 while what little proceeds there were were distributed to the bondholders. The stock is worthless. The present Rock Island R. R. Co. was not responsible for the stock of the Rock Island Co., the latter having been a holding concern.

R., ST. REGIS FALLS, N. Y.: The Frohman Amusement Co. is bankrupt. It filed schedules showing liabilities of over \$69,000, but the assets were not stated. What the stockholders will get depends, of course, upon the value of the assets.

S., AMBERLY, PA.: The Empire Gas & Fuel Co. is a subsidiary of the Cities Service Co., and is prosperous. Its 15 year 7½ per cent. bonds are a reasonably safe investment for your \$500. Erie prior lien 4s, St. Louis & San Francisco prior lien 4s and St. L. & South Western 4s second seem safe enough and may be had in denomination of \$500.

L., TWIN FALLS, IDAHO: Butler Brothers has been paying 12½ per cent. on stock, par value \$20. If that return can be maintained the shares are certainly attractive. I would not buy the stock on margin, however.

G., BELLEVUE, O.: Whether W. L. E. R. R. common will go much higher depends on the strength and duration of the present upward trend of the market. In a general boom it would undoubtedly advance. But it is a risky kind of issue and should be sold whenever you have a good profit.

B., TWO HARBORS, MINN.: Swift & Co. in 1921 suffered a deficit of over \$19,000,000. The company still has a very large surplus and if the better times looked for this year materialize, the dividend will probably be maintained.

C., HANCOCK, MD.: Undoubtedly, if the advance in the stock market continues, Seaboard Air Line common and preferred will participate in the rise, but safer propositions would be dividend paying railroad stocks, almost any one of which could prudently be bought on any recession. Pennsylvania Railroad stock is too high for its current dividend. You might better buy Southern Pacific, or New York Central. However, Pennsylvania stock is pretty safe and there is a possibility of a restoration of the old dividend in due time.

T., DUMFRIES, OKLA.: No doubt C. M. & St. P. common should sell higher as railroad conditions improve and if the upward trend in the stock market is not checked. The stock is not an investment, but a long speculation. The preferred would be a safer venture and it has recently had a material rise. Higher prices are predicted for it. Rock Island common is a better purchase than St. Paul common because the road is making more money and is paying dividends on its preferred stock, which St. Paul is not doing. Either of the two Rock Island preferred stocks would be a good business man's investment. If you will look at my article of April 8 you will find a number of issues named in which it would be reasonably safe to invest your money.

L., PAULINA, TENN.: I would not recommend the purchase of Montgomery Ward & Co. stock for it is paying no dividends. Since Rock Island common also is a non-dividend payer, but the preferred maintains its 7 per cent. return. The preferred is a fair purchase.

NEW YORK, May 6, 1922.

Free Booklets for Investors

The first mortgage 7 per cent. real estate bonds distributed by the Federal Bond & Mortgage Company, Federal Bond & Mortgage Building, Detroit, Mich., have been named Better Bonds because of the high favor in which they are regarded by an increasing number of people. The title of these securities indicates that there is a widespread belief in their merit and safety. They are secured by valuable property, the appraised price of which leaves an ample margin over the face of the bonds. Sound real estate bonds are among the safest of investments and are highly regarded by conservative persons who are disturbed by the fluctuations of issues dealt in on the exchanges. The Federal Bond & Mortgage Company has issued a new booklet, 6L, fully describing these bonds, and will mail it on request to any interested investor.

In the purchase of stocks or bonds the wise investor pays particular attention to the earning power of the securities and buys only those which promise satisfactory dividends or interest. To assist investors to make selections of issues of that character Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York, offer their services in supplying information or suggestions. The firm also is willing to handle securities on a monthly installment plan. Write to Dunham & Co. for their list of suggestions—132-D.D.

The growth of the City of Miami, Fla., has been remarkable and it is still expanding. The Miller 8 per cent. first mortgage bonds based on new and valuable structures in the city are being widely bought. In order to give their clients a clear idea of the soundness of these bonds, The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company, 210 Miller Bldg., Miami, Fla., have issued a new illustrated booklet, "Miami—A City of Sound Investments," and will send a copy of it to any applicant.

An illustrated circular, entitled "Foundation Investments," has been published by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York. It recounts the progress of the Standard Gas & Electric Co., a very successful public utility organization serving 578 cities and towns with 2,500,000 population, in sixteen States. Byllesby & Co. recommend the bonds, notes and pfd. stock of this company and will supply them for cash or on a ten-payment plan. Ask Byllesby & Co. for circular 110.

J. S. Bache & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, will mail to any address copies of the *Bache Review*, a publication which has been of great help to business men and investors.



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Exit Reuben!—(Concluded from page 635)

stration agent co-operate with the extension workers from the State agricultural colleges in spreading information about the most advanced farming methods. Increasing numbers of farm boys and girls go to college every year, and, contrary to the old rule, many of them return to the home farm to help mother and father and to inject new life into the community affairs.

The renter and that extremely valuable but oft-abused individual, the farm hand, are receiving more nearly what is their just due. Fair contracts, decent wages, and livable quarters are getting to be the rule, rather than the exception. In some cases farm profit-sharing plans have been put into operation that the most advanced industrial efficiency expert would be proud to claim. There is yet much room for improvement along these lines, however, just as there is in city factories.

Last year a leading farm magazine made an investigation, in six different States, of what advertisers call the "farm market," typical farm communities being chosen in each case. They learned from talking to farmers and country merchants that there is now practically no difference in the kind and quality of goods bought by country people and townsfolk. The principle difference noticed was that, whereas town people are "spenders," country people are "buyers"; certainly, a point in favor of the country customer. It was noticed also, that farmers are not so likely to demand nationally advertised brands as are town dwellers, excepting in cases where the product has been widely advertised in papers that farmers read. The trading area has, of course, been greatly widened. The larger towns and cities now draw farmer shoppers from a radius of from fifteen to thirty miles. This is especially true of clothing and house furnishings, showing that farmers are demanding the higher quality and wider variety that only larger stores can offer.

Whereas in my boyhood days we seldom

got more than thirty miles away from home, you will to-day find automobile loads of farm people exploring all the nooks and corners of the country. The motor trip has become an annual event with most farm families that have cars, and two million farmers, over 30 per cent. of the farmers in the United States, own them. Nebraska leads, 75 per cent. owning cars; Iowa being next with 73 per cent. It seems a little strange, although very human, that many more farmers own automobiles than have running water in their homes, only 10 per cent. having the latter, while only 7 per cent. have discarded the oil lamp in favor of gas or electric lighting. The answer of course is that the fun of motoring means more to the average farm family than some of the other things which they can only enjoy at home. Household conveniences come a little later, but their coming is inevitable.

With electric lights are installed the kindred appliances for cooking, washing, churning, cleaning, pumping water, and running farm machines. There is yet room for many more farm trucks and tractors, 2 per cent. of the farmers having the former, while 3.6 per cent. own the latter. Practical farmers who are using both find them invaluable in most cases, but have abandoned the idea that horses can be entirely displaced. A great deal of heavy farm work is still done with horses, even where both trucks and tractors are owned, and doubtless will continue to be, although a few farms have been completely motorized.

It would not do to neglect to mention the motion picture. In addition to the commercial movie houses found in the center of every good farming community many small and some portable projectors are to be found. These are used by schools, churches, county agents, etc., for the purpose of showing educational films as well as those of a purely entertaining nature. A series of splendid scientific films, treated in popular vein, are being released by the Department of

Agriculture. Likewise, several of the farmers' organizations have recently started making films. I noticed a while ago that the Illinois Agricultural Association, one of the strongest State groups affiliated with the American Farm Bureau Association, had released a new film entitled "Why Farmers Leave Home," which is announced as a combination of news and instruction, ending up with a strip of animated cartoons.

It is almost a year since the Department of Agriculture introduced its wireless service of broadcasting market reports. Now any number of other agencies, public and private, are co-operating to give the farmer every scrap of information essential to the economical and efficient conduct of his business. The market reports are broadcasted daily from all the principal marketing centers. He gets daily weather forecasts, storm warnings and correct time signals. For all of these things can be snatched down out of the air by anyone possessing a proper receiving outfit, and the number of farmers thus equipped is growing by leaps and bounds. No broker with a ticker at his elbow is kept more thoroughly in touch with developments that affects his business than is the up-to-date American farmer.

Such a farmer, on a moment's notice, can listen in on important farmers' meetings, hear the latest news of ball games, horse races or floods, of wars or weddings, of Wall Street or Washington, and then for relief switch to a concert or a sermon, seated the while with his family at his own fireside.

And after all, in spite of his increasing opportunities to mingle with the outside world, it is his own fireside that the average farmer likes best. He wants to be able to enjoy all the good things that the city man enjoys, but a taste of city life only serves to confirm the true countryman's conviction that honest work, clean living, and sober thinking make for the greatest happiness.

Old King Coal Needs a Guardian—(Continued from page 625)

gaged in and about the soft coal mines in western Pennsylvania, the Middle West, and the Southern States, and about 150,000 in the hard coal fields. Ten thousand of the mines in the United States and Canada are bituminous and only about 300 anthracite.

Owing to the limited amount of anthracite which can be mined each year, the supply is automatically kept down so that it does not greatly exceed the demand. For that reason, the strike in eastern Pennsylvania, where all the anthracite mines are situated, although synchronized with the lay-off in the bituminous fields and directed by the United Mine Workers of America, the same organization that conducts the strike in the soft coal region, can be settled a great deal easier and quicker. Indeed, it is hardly more than a determined suspension on the part of the anthracite miners until they can arrange with the operators a new wage scale commensurate with present conditions.

With the soft coal miner, however, it is a real life-and-death struggle. The chief reason for his discontent is the broken year—in other words, the bituminous miners claim that the miners do not work enough days in the year, or enough hours per day, to allow them, at the present rate of wages and hours, to make a yearly salary sufficient to give them the bare necessities of life. On this point, Messrs. F. G. Tryon and W. F. McKenney, of the United States Geological Survey, in the special coal number of *The Survey*, say, that during the last thirty years, the bituminous miners of this country have lost three out of every ten working days.

The chief cause of this intermittency is that more mines are opened than are needed, that old mines which should be abandoned are still worked, and that the mines are developed to an annual capacity of 750,000,000 tons when the most that has ever been burned and exported in one year was 550,000,000!

The miners' representatives before the Bituminous Coal Commission in 1919 testified that the subsistence necessary to cover the bare necessities of life for a family of five in January, 1920, was \$1,603. Prof. W. F. Ogburn, of Columbia University, estimated that during that year \$2,244 was a minimum "comfort budget" for a family of five living in the mining communities.

Congressman Bland of Indiana went a step further and inserted in *The Congressional Record* a statement showing the average earnings of miners in the principal coal fields. In the Pittsburgh field these workers received an average of \$762 in 1921. In Ohio, \$550, and in West Virginia, \$500. How can an American raise a family on such a yearly income?

On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Ogle, president of the Vandalia Coal Company, of Terre Haute, Ind., and vice-president of the National Coal Association, in his testimony before the House Commit-

tee on Labor, made this statement: "The pick miners and machine men averaged from \$10 to \$12 a day and the day men \$7.50 a day."

From this, then, it is evident that the miners are estimating their earnings on the yearly basis and the operators on the daily.

Since the miners' expenses go on just the same—or are even greater—on idle days, whereas the mine operating expenses are at least two-thirds less, it is self-evident that the miner cannot be expected to continue with his job—much less, be happy in it—until guaranteed enough working days in the year to provide him with a salary sufficient to afford a "comfort budget" for him and his family.

For that reason he is demanding a five-day week and a six-hour day which will assure him 260 working days a year.

It is physically impossible for the miners to get enough empty cars to load in a shorter day or to earn enough for the week if less days are worked. Since the American people will not work in the mine and undergo its dirt and its dangers and since they cannot get along without coal, they must be willing to see to it that the men who risk their limbs and lives in the mines get a living wage, not based upon the day's work but upon a year's work.

This can only be done by the establishment of a Federal Coal Commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

We might as well face the facts. We are glutted with overproduction of bituminous coal. There are over 1,600 bituminous mines, which cannot be operated at a profit. These barren mines force the rich veins to an overproduction of 200,000,000 tons each year, so that there are nearly two miners for every job and over 60,000 men who should not be engaged in mining at all. If this were done, the remaining miners could have steady enough work and provide a decent living for themselves and their families.

This coal commission could regulate the seasonal demand for coal and spread it out so as to keep the miners steadily employed, and do away with the necessity of seriously curtailing production during certain months, such as April and May, as is now the case. It could guarantee the miners at least 260 working days a year. It could allocate railroad cars to each mine, not on the basis of the number of men in the mines, as is now the case, but on the amount of coal each miner will be expected to produce. Under the present system, in order to get plenty of railroad cars delivered to the mine, the mine foremen have employed nearly two men for each job of cutting coal. This does not cost the companies anything extra, for the men are paid by the ton, but it does cut the miners' possible yearly salary in half and prevents him from earning enough to give him a comfort budget.

Yes, Old King Coal needs a guardian. The quicker the White House and Congress realize it, the quicker coal strikes, with their attendant upset to the basic industries of the country, will be eliminated.

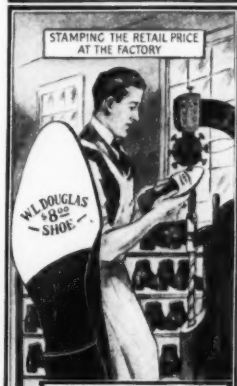
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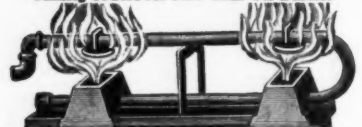


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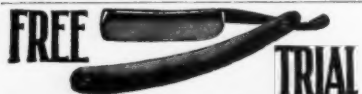


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Ular-Sawa—(Concluded from page 633)

direction would hide her beyond all finding. Yaé understood, and smiled as she caught her laboring breath. "I am weary, I must rest, or I die," she said.

The Moro listened for a moment, and squatted beside her. "They are far behind us," he said, then, "Whither leads this path? Soon the light will go, and we cannot travel in the dark."

Yaé lied to him without the flicker of an eyelash, for as she fled before him she had made another plan to take the place of the one which had died with Father Francisco; if she could not escape Asum one way, she could in another. She had guided them always to the left, in a great circle, striking toward the spot she sought, and now that spot was near. "I am taking you to my father's village," she said. "Those who follow us have found your canoe, and they know that you killed the padre. They do not know that I am with you. My father will hide you until we," there was the ghost of a pause upon the word, "until we can go to your people," said Yaé quietly. Then she looked up, and saw by the clearer light that the sun was sinking in the West, for the late beams fell aslant among the tree-boles and were no longer stopped by the thick leaves above. Her dark eyes watched the spears of light shatter against the trunk of a male bamboo, yellow-green as chrysoberyl, and she drew a deep breath. The day was nearly done, and it is at dusk that the jungle folk wake and set about their business; which is to take life, each according to his strength, that life may go on.

Like a knife thrust through the teeming silence came a far-off, muffled cry, and Asum leaped to his feet, his hand upon the silver-hilted kris. "It is they, upon our trail!" he said. The girl smiled upon him languorously, and shook her sleek head. "There is no need to fear, they will not find you," she said, and took from her bosom the black pearl that he had given her, holding it in her cupped brown hand, where it seemed to throb like a thing alive. "Is it not beautiful?" she asked, and when Asum made no answer, she pouted, whispering tender words to the jewel, until he bade her roughly to cease her play and lead them forward. "At least it will make me happy," she said, and got to her feet. A hundred yards further on she turned down a narrow path, hot and wet as an orchid-house, where the laced canes and giant lianas

made a waist-high tunnel over the game trail. Yaé kept to this, until she heard ahead the soft gulp and mutter of water. Suddenly she stumbled and caught at a thick vine for support, her lips clenched in pain as the Moro came up. "My ankle, I have twisted it," she whimpered, then, "If you will go first and hold the bushes for me, I have little strength left," she said.

Asum stepped past her and crept ahead of the limping girl, holding aside the jungle growth that barred their way. The suck of water against muddy banks grew louder, and as they came to the hoof-trodden narrow clearing of the stream-side, Yaé glanced swiftly upward, and a new light flamed in her eyes. "It is shallow. We can wade safely, and my father's village lies only a little beyond," she whispered.

Asum stepped into the clearing and stood beneath the low-spreading limbs of a gum tree. Behind him the girl crouched trembling, hands pressed against her breast as if to stifle her voice, head thrown back as she stared upward, then, "Ular-Sawa, Ohé!" she gasped, as there flung down from the limb above a sinuous writhing shape; came a heart-stopping hiss, and the curved fangs struck home. Blunt-nosed and dog-headed, the python found his grip on the man's shoulder, and as Asum staggered back and drew his kris, the first loop flung around him, thick as his own thigh, to pinion his arms and flatten the blade against his breast. Like swirling cables the undulant coils poured relentlessly upon the doomed man.

Bright-eyed, with drawn lips, Yaé watched, and murmured aloud, "I knew where Ular-Sawa waited at evenfall, I knew, I knew!" she said, like a chant.

She saw the monstrous serpent, yellow-brown and black, fix his hold; saw the thirty feet of death grow taut in the first terrible pressure, and heard the crushing of what had been Asum.

The girl breathed deep, and there was no suggestion of a limp as she stood straight and eager at the end of the game trail. "Moro dolt! You said I knew the jungle; I knew it too well for you, for I brought you to Ular-Sawa's lurking place! I give you to him instead of the deer he sought!" And as the heaving coils tightened, Yaé turned upon her heel and vanished, to find Ah Sing and the pleasures he had promised.

Dust

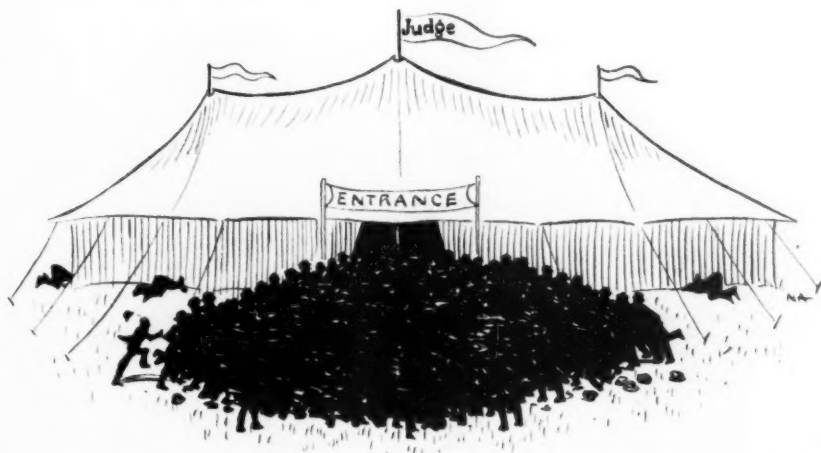
By CHARLES G. CRELLIN

THE dust is swirling down the street,
The dust of dusty ages,
The windswept clay of yesterday,
The dust of fools and sages.

Here Anthony again may meet
His Cleo so entrancing,
And through the town whirl gayly down
Upon the pavement dancing.

Or sifting in some calm retreat
A garden wall encloses,
Beneath a bough old Omar now
A dryer verse composes.

The dust is swirling down the street,
Perchance among the masses,
Beneath the beat of busy feet
The learned Plato passes.



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